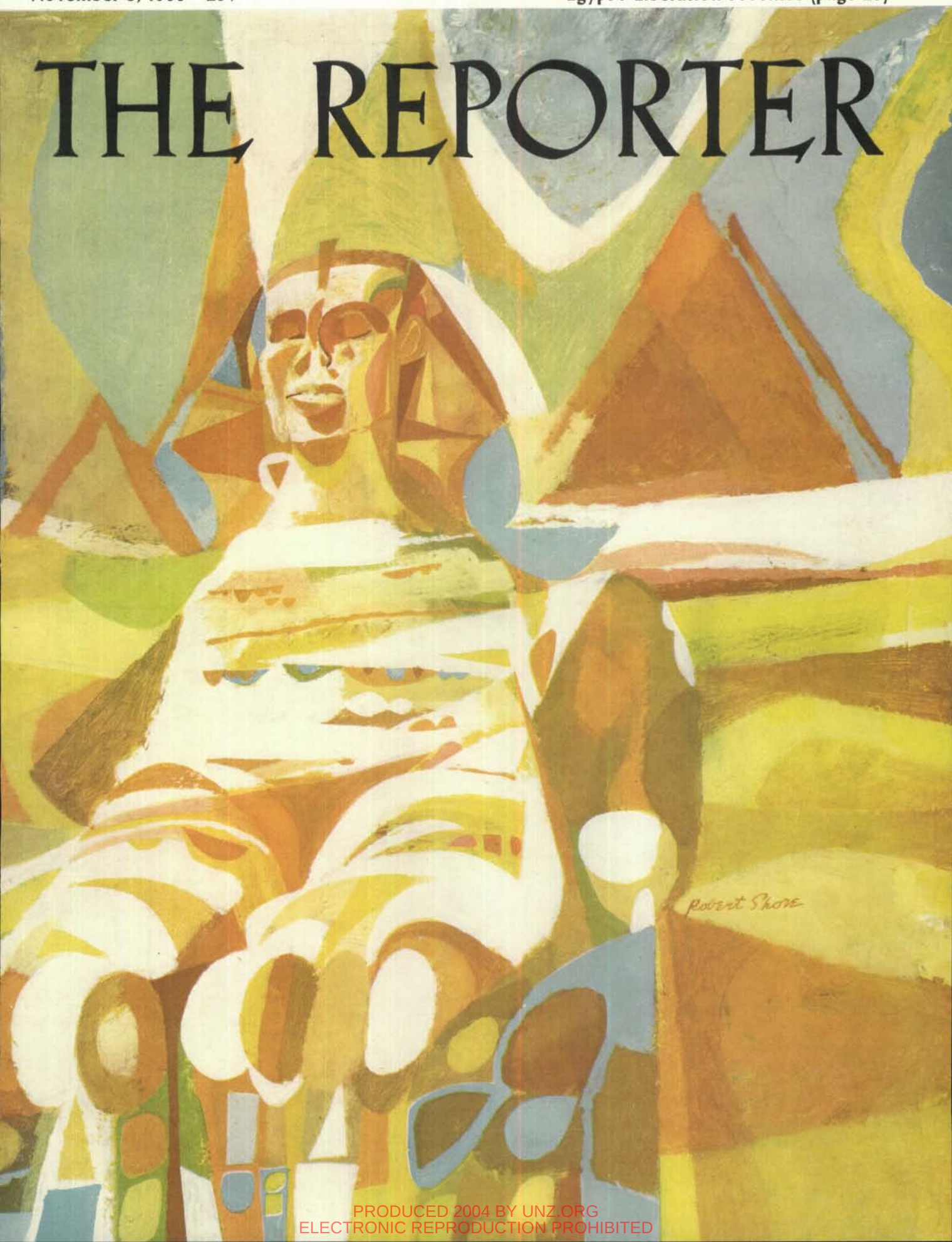
1956: ISSUES FIRST, MEN SECOND

November 3, 1955 25¢

Egypt's Liberation Province (page 23)

THE REPORTER



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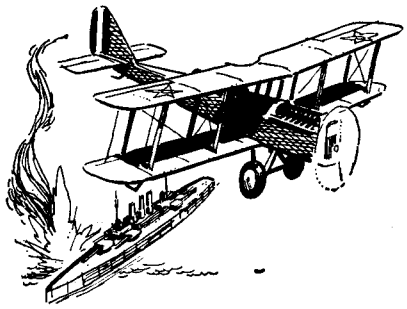
Mr. Daniels was willing to be bombed



ADMIRALS smiled when, in 1921, he claimed air power could sink battleships. Josephus Daniels, the Navy secretary, said he was "prepared to stand bareheaded on the deck of a battleship and let General Mitchell take a crack at me with bombing airplane."

But in an actual test, the most heavily armored dreadnaught ever built sank in minutes under the sledge-hammer blows of the world's first 1-ton bombs—bombs built to Billy Mitchell's order.

Mitchell was used to disbelief. In World War I, Pershing called his idea for dropping infantry by parachute absurd. "Experts" laughed when he talked of putting cannon in planes, scoffed when he predicted air speeds way in excess of 200 miles.

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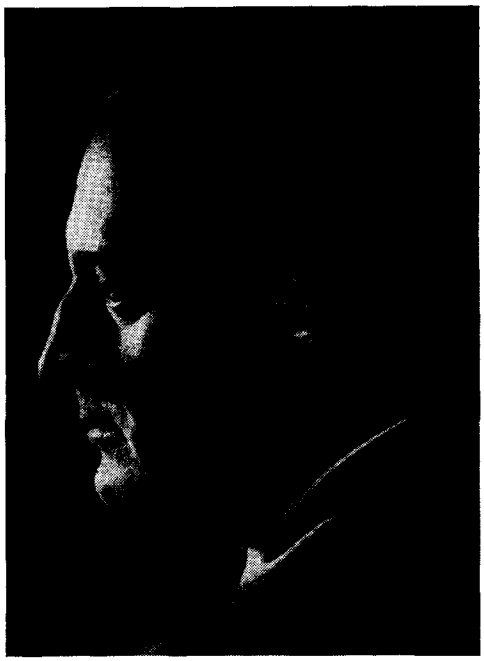

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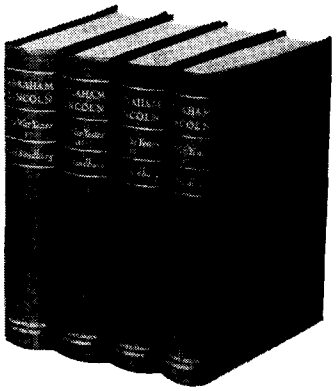

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Madrid-Moscow Axis

The idea of stepping forth as the special friend and champion of the Arab world is exerting a powerful fascination today upon the oddest assortment of non-Arabs ever seen. On one side we find the Soviets donning fezzes, wrapping themselves in burnooses, and making a bow in the direction of Mecca as they voice kinship with the Moslems and supply the Egyptians with arms from the Skoda works. On the other, far to the west, we find Generalissimo Franco's bemedaled proconsuls appearing in the flowing guise of North African nationalists and crying "Morocco for the Moroccans!" The French in their larger zone to the south charge that the Spaniards have been doing a little supplying of arms to the tribesmen, too.

THE IMAGE of the Soviets doing their bit for the spirit of Geneva by fomenting an arms race in the Middle East is ironic enough. No less ironic is the spectacle of Franco and his men, who won their medals putting down the Riffs and later what they called the Reds, now finding themselves operating along with both. One might have thought that the men of Madrid, on discovering what strange company they had fallen in with as defenders of Islam against the infidels, would pause and consider. Not a bit of it. Franco has collaborated with a pretty wide variety of people already; what harm in pursuing a game that happens to parallel Moscow's? So the Voice of Free Morocco, operating from Spanish-held territory, goads the nationalist agitators in the same terms as the Voice of the Arabs, operating from Cairo, which in turn uses the same inflammatory language as the programs beamed from Communist Budapest.

It is a game of fishing in troubled waters, of course. Moscow wants to make trouble for the western alliance by stirring up the entire Middle East. Franco's game is the pettier one of trying to make trouble for France by stirring up her Arab subjects. The fact that France is a major western ally against Communism evidently does not influence the statesmen of Madrid, even though Spain is now a player in the western league and has received upward of $200 million of U.S. defense aid as a starter.

For Franco, his game looks like a safe one. What can the French do about it but yield or get into ever deeper trouble in North Africa, while Spain reaps dividends as a champion of the oppressed? What can the United States do about it—Americans are supposed to be against colonialism, aren't they? And if things should get out of hand in the Arab world that is now being enkindled, the game can still be played. More tension means more western urgency and war preparation—and the prospect of more defense aid for Madrid.

The fishermen of Moscow, out trying to land that big one along the eastern Mediterranean, are at least in fairly full view, and Washington says it is keeping a steady eye on them. But that leaves us with the other fisherman at NATO's back, whom Bishop Fulton J. Sheen toasted the other night at a dinner of the American Friends of Spain in these words:

"I ask you to drink to our friend the leader of Spain, who, from deep and intimate personal experience, I believe to be not only the most unselfish but one of the greatest, if not the greatest, heads of state in the world, with the exception of our own President."

Fadeout

In January, 1954, at the height of his power, Senator Joseph R. McCarthy journeyed with his staff to the Federal courthouse in Boston, and there in the glare of television cameras held a one-man hearing of his investigating subcommittee. A Harvard instructor, Leon J. Kamin, refused to give McCarthy the names of his communist associates while he had been a party member in the 1940's and was charged with contempt of Congress.

The other week, McCarthy was back in the same courthouse in Boston, this time as chief government witness in the trial of Mr. Kamin. Roy Cohn darted in after him and the familiar claque applauded him, but it wasn't the same Joe McCarthy.

Our observer at the trial re-

1956 MODEL

See the new Nixon, so shining and sleek,
  Push-button shifting and mirror veneer;
Notice the contour so simple and chic,
  The silence of motor and absence of gear!

The bumpers are smaller, the chrome is reduced,
  This is a model for every man's taste,
But while you admire its powerful boost,
  Watch for the brakes when the engine is raced.

—SEC

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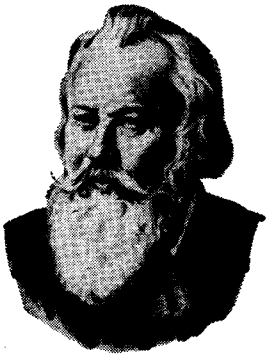

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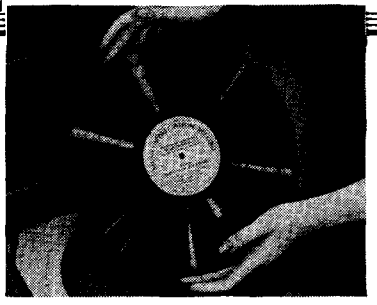

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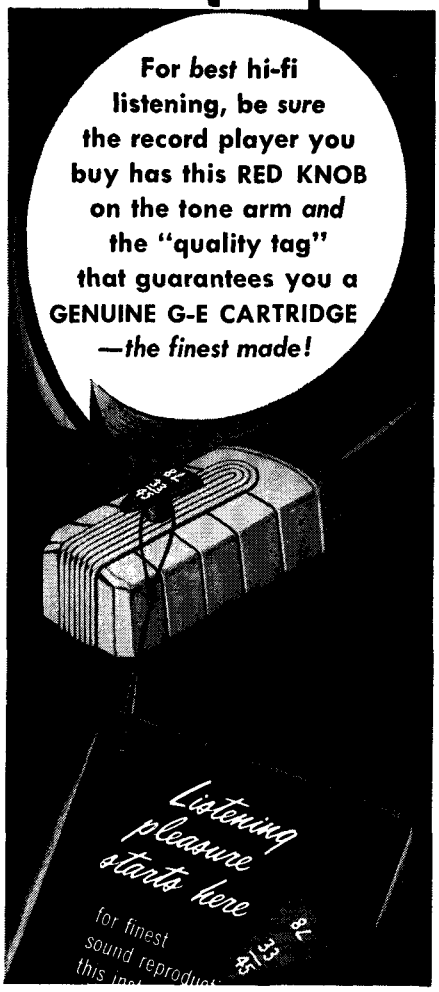
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ported: "That other time, Chairman McCarthy opened the public sessions by giving instructions to cameramen. This time the proceedings were begun by the court clerk intoning the time-honored formula, 'Hear ye, hear ye. All who have any business . . . lend an ear and they shall be heard. God bless the United States of America and this honorable court.' A quiet-spoken judge named Bailey Aldrich presided.

"McCarthy came in late, as usual, flashing his famous smile, but looking heavier and slightly stooped. He seemed anxious to please, and hung around far longer than was necessary, sitting there quietly all Tuesday afternoon after he had been dismissed as a witness and told he would be summoned when necessary. He sat there without a peep, without an objection, without even a paper in his hand. He sat there again all next morning while Cohn testified, as if he had nothing else to do. That seemed to be the best he could do at the time, sitting there at the edge of public attention and being visibly bored.

"When his turn came he submitted without a murmur to a day and a half in the witness box. It was striking to note what a poor memory he had. He thought he had become chairman of his committee in 1951; he couldn't remember dates; his subcommittee had kept no minutes. Over and over, in response to questioning, he said, 'I wouldn't recall.' Imagine a witness getting away with a thing like that in the days of Chairman McCarthy!"

Confidentially

Some things *are* revealed by that "revealing" body of literature, the new exposé magazines. The fact that *Confidential* magazine has a circulation of four and a half million copies indicates, for one thing, that there must be plenty of simpletons around. The contents of the magazine can hardly be said, any more,

SIX RUSSIAN NEWSMEN BRAVE STRONGHOLD OF CAPITALISM

"Six Soviet newspaper men visited the New York Stock Exchange and the nation's largest brokerage house of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane yesterday. . . . The Russian group arrived . . . to begin a month-long study of the 'best of things' in American life." —*New York* Times

"They seemed somewhat confused at such trade expressions as bears and bulls, cats and dogs, bobtail pool, blind pool, dummy." —*New York* Herald Tribune

Said Izakov and Sofronov
To Pierce, Fenner & Beane,
"Is most extraordinary place
That we have ever seen!"

Said Berezhkov and Gribachev
To Kanpov-Polevoy:
"Is better to be bear or bull
Or dummy? Bozhemoi!"

Said Merrill Lynch to Adzhubei:
"The best of things are free!
Remember this when you return
And write of what you see."

"Is decadent," the newsmen said
In whispers very low,
"But works. Please where is bobtail pool
For swim before we go?"

—Sec

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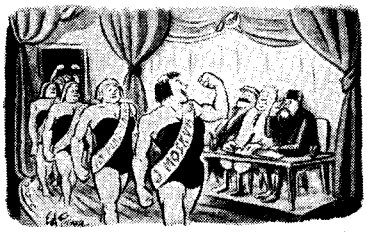
PUNCH specializes in riotous and deadly parody. Authors, newspapers, and magazines come under fire—as, for example, in Punch's four-page, full-color version of the Russian magazine, Krokodil. In it appeared this modest note:

> *Krokodil Was Able to Help*
>
> Krokodil is happy to report that, as a result of its recent criticisms of the leading articles appearing in Pravda, the Editor of that Journal has been removed and the members of the editorial board are under investigation by the Ministry of the Interior. Next of kin have been notified.
>
> If you know of a deviation in your district, write to Krokodil about it

More Than a Humor Magazine

Of course, Punch is much more than a humor magazine. The pungent editorials by its new editor, Malcolm Muggeridge, have been widely quoted in America—by *Life*, *Time*, and many others. And the signatures in his new Punch read like a Who's Who of modern English letters: Robert Graves, P. G. Wodehouse, Evelyn Waugh, A. P. Herbert.



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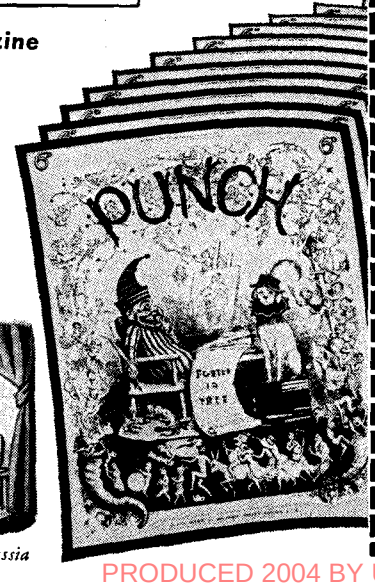

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The method of magazines like *Whisper* and *Exposed* and *Confidential* is a kind of crudely inverted press-agentry. They take the Big Names and tell their Secrets—only they are unpleasant secrets. They use the same suggestiveness and distortion and inventiveness that were used to build up some of the stars. A large part of these magazines' victims come from the entertainment world, and maybe there is some cruel ironic justice in the fact that the star-building business could develop into the star-debunking business. It is significant that these periodicals have cut deeply into the circulation of movie-fan magazines. The fans seem eager to look at the stars from another angle. Suspecting, perhaps, a certain falsity in the promotional and fan-club literature, they seek the true and thrilling inside story. So now these new magazines are providing a false inside to go with the false outside that had previously been provided.

A few weeks ago the government decided that *Confidential* was something that ought to be looked into, and the Post Office Department suspended its mailing privileges. Judge Luther Youngdahl ruled in the hearings on the Post Office's action concerning *Confidential* that such moves should be taken only if authorized by a court injunction, with the fullest right of appeal guaranteed by the Constitution.

We cannot agree with all the civil libertarians who, as soon as something like the attempted suppression of *Confidential* occurs, intone the old Voltaire singsong: "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." As a matter of fact, we cannot imagine ourselves dying for *Confidential.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

EDUCATION

To the Editor: Your editorial, "Education —Democracy's Test," in the October 6, 1955, issue of *The Reporter* seems to me to be an excellent and challenging beginning to your series of articles "tackling the problem of the education of our children from elementary school through high school."

But I am a bit surprised by your statement that "Intellectualism is particularly distasteful to many of our educational leaders." Since I have always viewed high school and junior college as institutions of learning—as mere custodial institutions their costs could hardly be justified—I have never questioned the basic significance of intellectual training.

But it is important not to confuse the subject matter which can result in intellectual training in the hands of a skilled teacher with intellectual training itself. I have high regard, for instance, for mathematics—not as formal discipline but as an indispensable tool for exploring heaps of data so as to arrive at patterns of phenomena and thereby achieve conclusions. Yet in my opinion algebra or geometry, taught by rules and memorization, gives only a pseudo-intellectual training. Most failures in mathematics occur in my experience because students are allowed, if not urged, to try to "solve problems" (i.e., manipulate the shorthand of mathematics) before they have thought through the essential procedures which are the reality of mathematics.

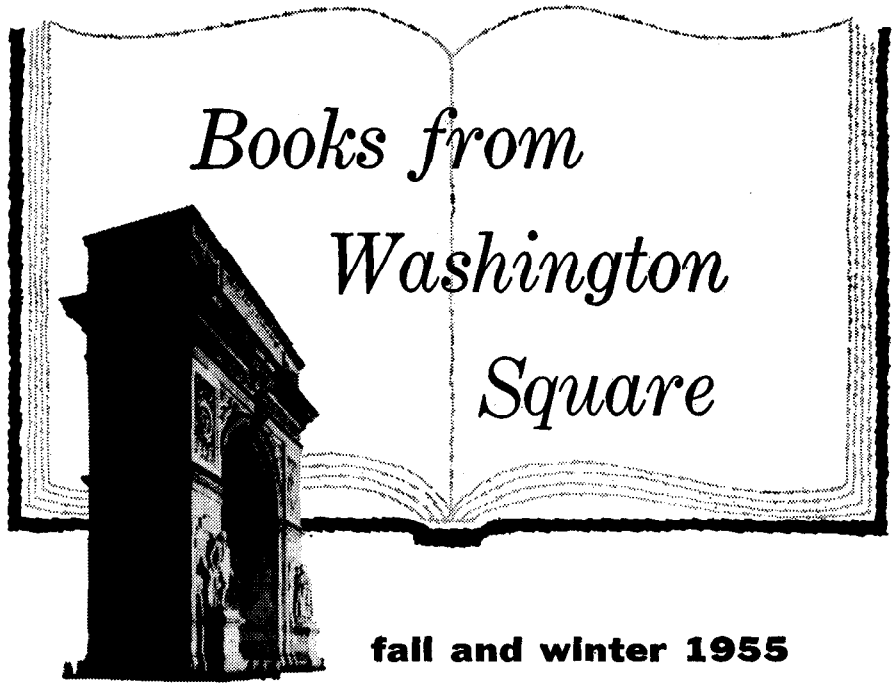
The subject matter of other disciplines can be simplified for a student to show him that he already knows most of it and only certain essentials comprise a kit of new tools. This method can reduce needless failures in studies and stimulate all but the dullest to considerable achievement.

FRANK B. LINDSAY
Chief, Bureau of Secondary Education
State of California
Sacramento

To the Editor: In "The Quizmasters Fasten Onto Higher Education" William Harlan Hale has some important things to say about educational and human values. It is unfortunate that he has chosen to say them by the straw-man technique of depicting a band of "eager young psychologists at Princeton" bent on promoting a newfangled kind of test, technologically neat but philosophically barren, that is undermining the efforts of the schools to foster independence, depth, and subtlety of thought in today's children.

To reply to Mr. Hale's article point by point would be an unrewarding task, since so much of it is based on either errors of fact or the seeming implications of quotations lifted from their contexts and rearranged in Mr. Hale's own sequence for his own purposes. The caricature he thus succeeds in drawing might well, however, trouble the dreams of anyone who respects the values Mr. Hale sees as being routed by the technocrats. Therefore, I should like to offer a few facts and comments by way of reassurance to Author Hale's readers.

First, it is not at all true that the tests now in such widespread use are the brain



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children of a group of Princeton psychologists. Every question quoted by Mr. Hale in his article (except for one that seems to have been purely his own invention) was prepared with the active help of school and college teachers, not simply written by an independent "team of E.T.S. 'test developers'" following its own bent.

Next, Mr. Hale's concern that the educational world in general and E.T.S. in particular have turned to examinations that miss some vital ingredients of the well-educated man—the capacity to think and think independently, to deal with ambiguity, to express oneself with clarity and felicity. The tests of earlier, pre-mechanized days, he implies, had no such shortcoming. The facts are, however, that present-day educators are no less concerned with these qualities of the intellect than were the teachers of yesteryear, and, while the new tests are far from perfect measures of any of them, they do provide far better measurement of these key abilities than did the examinations they replaced. The question of which kind of measure is most effective is one to be settled not by intuition or forensic skill but by careful and repeated research. The evidence is readily available if Mr. Hale will read it.

But what about all those machines? It is quite true that much of our work is done by machines. But then I doubt that Mr. Hale scratched out his article with a quill pen; and scoring machines, like writing machines, are probably here to stay. The issue is not, of course, whether we print our score reports on I.B.M. equipment or hand-illuminate them in the best pre-Gutenberg tradition. It is whether the mechanical processes that can be applied with such efficiency to the new tests are made possible only by mechanizing the students—at least those who will meekly submit—and eliminating the elements of individuality that are central to our tradition. Had Mr. Hale examined this question instead of slipping into an easy equation between mechanized processes and mechanical men, he would have discovered that quite the reverse of his assumption is true. One of the principal results of the widespread use of tests is greater recognition of the individuality of each student. And this recognition in turn is one of the principal forces counteracting the worst features of the "mass education" to which Mr. Hale refers.

WILLIAM W. TURNBULL
Educational Testing Service
Princeton, New Jersey

To the Editor: As an admissions officer for a small liberal-arts college, I should like to congratulate you on William Harlan Hale's article on the Educational Testing Service. In my experience, the significant tests for admission are: "Can you write readable English? Can you solve this problem in mathematics? Do your conversation and appearance impress the members of the faculty favorably?" As Mr. Hale suggests, no I.B.M. machine can answer them successfully.

E.T.S. serves a useful purpose in providing the busy admissions officer with a guide which he can use broadly. But the danger lies in the encouragement he is given to use this material exclusively. When the machine rules the mind and the technician makes policy, human beings are soon reduced to

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the status of docile dots on a lovely bell-shaped curve. Ah, normalcy!

RICHARD M. JUDD
Director of Admissions
Marlboro College
Marlboro, Vermont

To the Editor: As a public-school teacher I consider William Lee Miller's article "The Wastelands Revisited" one of the fairest and most constructive comments that I have read concerning the needs of the schools and the responsibility of our citizenry to help achieve these needs. Because the author not only shows a rare degree of awareness of the supersensitive relations between the "experts" and the taxpayers, but also has chosen to enlighten rather than enrage, to analyze rather than attack, I feel that he has made a definite contribution toward a greater understanding of the problem.

NANCY BOOTH
Damariscotta Mills, Maine

To the Editor: I'm an "educationist." I am not powerful. I often feel that nobody pays any attention to me. It seems to me that if I had the power attributed to me, I'd use it first in getting the things teachers need in order to do a job.

I don't know anybody in school work who is anti-intellectual. I thought that "intellectualism" was a charge that gross politicians hurled at professors and other college graduates when they ran for office, only they avoid vocabulary trouble by calling us "eggheads." They mean you too.

The way we support our teachers and administrators, they don't have time to think about whether they're for or against intellectualism. Our teachers are utterly heroic, considering what we want them to do and what we give them to do it with. If they were not, they'd tell the public to take their kids and take care of them themselves. Don't shoot the piano player!

EARL C. KELLEY
Professor of Secondary Education
Wayne University
Detroit

To the Editor: The frank concern and honest attempt to assess our school problems to be found in your October 6 issue is heartening. The continuing criticisms of our schools cannot be shrugged off or labeled merely the work of ambitious writers or "enemies of our schools."

William Harlan Hale sounds a necessary warning against a surprisingly blind faith in "objective" testing, the impact of the mass testing movement upon our actual teaching, and the growing omission of opportunities for disciplined study and organized thinking in our schools.

William Lee Miller gives sufficient integrity to the ideas of Bestor to strengthen them in retelling, yet he shows the sense of moderation that we must achieve before we can find the common ground between the zealous concern of dedicated teachers and the quite apparent loss in pride, respect, and concern for intellectual training in our schools.

JAMES F. NICKERSON
Dean, Division of Education
Montana State College

An extraordinary suggestion

TO MOST Americans, it would probably seem extraordinary to suggest that they read the Manchester Guardian — a British newspaper.

But, as thousands of U.S. subscribers know, the Manchester Guardian is far more than merely a British journal. It influences thoughtful men and women all over the world, for it is known as one of the best-written, most stimulating (and witty) journals published. To avoid unseemly immodesty, we quote the Saturday Review, an influential American contemporary, which has described us as follows:

"The Air Edition of the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* is published in England on Wednesday and arrives in New York on Friday; thus its views and comments deal with the week just gone. It generally runs to sixteen pages and is in my opinion the most literate and entertaining newspaper in the English language. Apart from enjoying its reviews of books, plays, and movies, I find myself waiting around for its editorial comment on various phases of American life and American policy. This is like standing off and taking a long dispassionate look at yourself through the eyes of an extremely polite and informed cousin, who is given neither to scolding nor flattery. Sometimes reassuring, sometimes deflating, it's a salutary experience, clearly worth $7.00 per annum."

We would add only that you will thoroughly enjoy the brilliant dispatches of Alistair Cooke, the Guardian's correspondent in America, and that you should read the paragraph below. It is really a disguised and very generous coupon offer.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WHETHER we like it or not, the campaign is on. This means that anybody having anything to do with politics must go into action now and prepare for the months ahead. *The Reporter,* a magazine concerned though not obsessed with politics, has to start its coverage of the campaign. The time will come, we suppose, when we shall have to make up our minds as to the candidate we shall support, but at present, as **Max Ascoli's** editorial points out, our job is to watch the issues—the real ones the politicians sometimes try to avoid and the phony ones concocted by the magicians in the art of stirring up popular emotions. We shall watch the techniques the candidates and their managers use to further their causes, and we shall report on the way the press reports the campaign.

The article on Estes Kefauver by our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** deals with the technique by which the senior Senator from Tennessee seems to be maintaining his grasp on a large section of the American people. **Eric Sevareid** comments on the campaign as seen by people in and around his native North Dakota. **William Lee Miller,** now of *The Reporter's* staff, gives to James Reston, chief of the New York *Times* Washington bureau, the treatment Mr. Reston has given others in his imaginary interviews. Just because we hold Mr. Reston in the highest esteem, we feel that he deserves a mild application of the Reston treatment. He has recently become the most brilliant theorist of what may be called the doctrine of unfailing transmutation: Every man in public life is so constantly improved by responsibility that the moment you open your mouth to quest—on something he has said or done, he has already moved up to an unreachable higher sphere. We have often heard that the White House transforms its occupant beyond recognition. Mr. Reston sees this transformation working on practically everybody who even thinks that he would like to be President.

Leaders of labor, religious, or minority groups are commonly supposed to be able to deliver large monolithic blocks of votes. **Robert Bendiner,** well-known free-lance writer, shows in his analysis of the so-called labor vote that this supposition is a bit of an exaggeration.

WITH A SHARP but sympathetic eye, **Martin Flavin,** Pulitzer Prize winner for his *Journey in the Dark* (1943), gives a firsthand account of a daring project of land and human reclamation that Egypt is conducting.

Algeria and Morocco are in the news, but not many people know that Paris has an Algerian problem in quite a number of its own city blocks—a situation that bears some similarity to our Puerto Rican problem here in New York. **Edmond Taylor** is the author of *The Strategy of Terror* and *Richer by Asia.*

Henry Steele Commager, Professor of American History at Columbia University, has very definite opinions on the problem of security and he expresses them without any shilly-shallying.

Everyone knows about suburbanites. Now our new Contributing Editor, **William Harlan Hale,** reviews a book devoted to the exurbanites. We wonder how this back-to-nature-with-two-cars movement will affect the psychoanalysts' profession.

Madeleine Chapsal, a French writer who contributes frequently to *The Reporter,* gives an eyewitness account of the ordeal undergone by William Faulkner when he was recently a visitor in Paris.

A great British symphony orchestra is now on tour in this country. **Martin Mayer,** author of *Wall Street: Men and Money,* tells how the London Philharmonia was created.

Guy Dumur, theater critic for the French magazine *La Table Ronde* and editor of *Théâtre Populaire,* writes about the highly successful experiment by which a great innovator has brought theater to the people.

Sidney Alexander, novelist and critic, teaches at the New School in New York.

Our cover is by **Robert Shore.**

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Birthdays (especially my own) have always been to me occasions more for melancholy retrospection than for rejoicing. But the fact that somebody or something has survived another year is always news these days, and so there is one birthday I would like to invite you to join me in celebrating.

That is the third anniversary of the "Editor-at-Large," which, with this column, moves hopefully into its fourth year. To honor the event, I am going to make a rather spectacular offer.

I am going to give some reader of this column a complete library of Anchor Books: 67 volumes of the very best in paperbound books.

It's very simple to qualify for this present: there are no sentences to complete, no puzzles to solve, nothing to tear off. All you have to do is send me (preferably on a postcard) your name, your address and the name of the place or person (magazine, newspaper, radio program, lecturer or any other source) that gives you the best information about books.

Any reader can enter: booksellers, book reviewers, other publishers, relatives — anybody who cares about good books. The only restriction is that no person may write more than once.

Answers must reach me by November 15. On that date I will blindfold an Anchor Books editor and have him draw one reply. Its writer will be sent the 67 books.

Among them will be the eight newest Anchors, including the first "Anchor Review," a periodical containing articles by such writers as Malraux, Silone, Cyril Connolly and others. There will also be "An Elizabethan Song Book," the words and music to 84 songs, with an introduction by W. H. Auden; two novels by Colette; and "Meaning in the Visual Arts," by Erwin Panofsky, an original contribution to the illustrated Anchor Series on art history.

I hope you will send me a card. Your replies will help determine the form this column takes in the future. Thanks and good luck.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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EDITORIAL — MAX ASCOLI

1956: Issues First, Men Second

THE RACE for the nominations is on, and the conventions will be—as the politicians say—wide open. Since Presidential campaigns normally start at least one year before the elections, and since it has happened before that both parties had to choose their candidates in wide open conventions, there should be no reason to be alarmed by this state of affairs—were it not that in the international arena, too, the struggle for leadership has lately become alarmingly wide open. Indeed, the President's illness has greatly contributed to make the race between East and West even closer—with the East for the moment in the lead.

Politicians should not be criticized if, under these unprecedented conditions of national danger, they have already started going through the time-honored ritual of electioneering. Rain or shine, Presidential elections cannot be skipped. This is not the time for indulging in ritualistic carping at the politicians; rather, this is a time when the worth of the function they are performing and their own individual worth must be measured against the background of the national emergency.

The Two Confederacies

There is reason behind the mad turmoil of a Presidential race, just as there is some sense behind the thin veil of the politician's cant. For instance, when the Congressional Democratic leaders come all out in favor of a wide open convention, they have in mind a convention in which no contender enters with victory in sight and the responsibility of selecting the nominee falls upon them. Seasoned Congressional leaders, together perhaps with Harry Truman, have no reason to look askance at any smoke-filled room, no matter how wide open. Needless to say, some of our best Presidents have been chosen that way.

Our party system is literally unique, for nowhere else are national parties so loosely organized at the top or do they have a cycle of operation that goes from high-powered frenzy at the time of Presidential campaigns to doldrums between elections. These institutions whose function is to designate the leader of the Federal government still cling to a confederate type of organization that the Founding Fathers rejected when they made of the thirteen states a Federal union. At present, as they must, our parties are busy weaving in a broad, rough fabric the various, sometimes conflicting, interests of the most sizable sections of the electorate. As is always the case before the conventions, there are several competitive weaving processes going on right now within both parties. All this may seem chaotic, but it is not too high a price to pay for the absence of a full-time party bureaucracy controlled by a Washington headquarters, complete with ideology and party lines.

This is a time when we have to pay the price for the lack in each party of a permanent hierarchy, headed by a full-time party leader, as in Britain—a bargain considering that our national system keeps bringing new men to the top positions in politics. During the campaign the public personality of candidates is publicly reconditioned, their appeal tested, so as to prove that each lives up to the claims of his backers and is the man who can—indeed, who will—win. This is a time when the men who seek to prove their qualifications for the supreme leadership of the nation are the most thoroughly led, when their thinking is farmed out, their speechmaking contracted and subcontracted to the point where even the most literate and articulate among them become, at best, editors—as was the case with Adlai Stevenson.

THIS SYSTEM of ours does not suit those, at home and abroad, who like their politics tidy, bureaucratized, and flavored with ideologies. But the nation's history proves that ever since our party system was founded it has served our democracy well. It has proved to be an extraordinarily effective damper on class, racial, and religious conflicts; it has allowed our country to grow, maintain its freedom, and assume increasing responsibility for the underprivileged, while doing without anything that could be seriously called a liberal or a socialist or a communist party. For this impertinent disregard of the traditional pattern to be found in most

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western democracies, real credit must be given our politicians.

But to a Point

Overconfidence in our party system is about as dangerous as priggish scorn. The parties cannot help strictly rationing the true facts they transmit to the electorate—the true facts about what ails the nation. At present, for instance, it would be idle to ask that they show awareness of some of the most crucial issues that both the Executive and Congress may well have to face during the next Administration—like the overdue reforms that local and, above all, state governments must undergo if the curse of overcentralization is to be avoided.

We can be fairly sure, however, that we are going to hear a great deal about price supports to farmers, and we will probably see both parties stoutly supporting that magic formula of ninety per cent of parity, which is the best guarantee of a perpetuated farm surplus and a perpetuated farm crisis. The two party platforms, of course, will not be radically different, for both of them strive to offer the electorate a rounded image of the whole nation, in which all the major interests are reconciled and none antagonized.

The trouble with both images is that they are two dimensional. Our parties just have not got it in them to register the pressures, the forces bearing on our nation's life that come from the surrounding world. They can go little further than to express solidarity of interest with the so-called foreign or minority groups in the American electorate. Lately it has become standard operating procedure for New York politicians traveling abroad to go on the Dublin-Rome-Tel Aviv circuit. Both our parties are vigorously for peace and intolerant of appeasement. In no way can they register—or is it conceivable that they will ever be able to register—the feelings and wishes of what may be called America's nonvoting constituency abroad. Inevitably, every major election is an experiment in isolationism.

It is about the impact upon us of the outside world—no matter whether friendly, neutral, or antagonistic—that the American people desperately need to be told a little bit of truth. Not too much, for truth is a commodity not in wide demand during a Presidential campaign. The kernel of truth which the candidates ought to get across is that while there is no alternative to peace, the power and prestige of our nation can be so mangled by communist malice that even what should not be an alternative—a probably suicidal war—might become inevitable. Even the horror of war cannot be an escape from its necessity if we let that necessity be clamped down on us. This can still be avoided, but only if the nation readies itself for a hard, long pull. We cannot yet afford disarming, and we cannot hope to buy our security by offering our bounty to friends, neutrals, and enemies. We are not wealthy enough to pay the ransom for our survival, and we cannot hope to be saved by imposing the ultimate punishment on our enemy. We are the nation that can do the most to save the world from Communism as well as from ultimate destruction; but we cannot do all, and we cannot do it alone.

It is logical, and to a certain extent healthy, that our politicians prepare for the next Presidential election just as if it were a normal, regulation election. But there should be some Presidential candidate—no matter how his nervous system might have been rewired to suit the exigencies of his professional managers—who will find deep in his conscience the stamina to tell the American people about the emergency they face. Indeed, it is nearly incredible that there should be several men willing to run the risk of becoming President, considering that during the four years of the next Presidential term the nation can be obliterated or can become so isolated as to be, to all intents and purposes, lost. We are in one of those situations in which men have to fear much more than fear itself.

Yet these most vital issues of the campaign are of such a nature that they should never be allowed to become partisan. It is to be hoped that the various aspirants before the conventions, and the two candidates thereafter, will have ample opportunity to air different ideas on such issues as conservation, housing, public power, or aid to education. These and several more are important issues which partisanship is fit to handle and which each side will manage to blow up out of all proportion. We should not be shocked when we hear loud outcries against creeping socialism, corruption in government, conflicts of interests, and the like.

AT THIS STAGE, *The Reporter* has only a moderate interest in candidates. Obviously, we are going to follow them and take note of how their personalities are remade or unmade. But most of our attention will be focused on the issues that really matter. From where we stand, the fitness of a man to hold the highest office in the land can be judged only by his capacity to keep out of politics what does not belong in politics. The champion politician of them all, the winner of the greatest and hardest political contest in the world, must also prove that he is something more than a politician. In spite of the nearly inhuman handicaps put on him by the race, he must give conclusive evidence of this while he is still in the race.

At this stage, we like to assume that there are several men in our country who can face this test.

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Estes Kefauver, Most Willing of the Willing

DOUGLASS CATER

If Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, perhaps the most willing of the willing candidates for the Presidency, should decide to announce his availability in the months ahead, it will be because of his conviction that if the voters of the country were only allowed to decide, Estes Kefauver would be their man. In such published articles as "Why Not Let the People Elect Our President?" in *Collier's* for January 31, 1953, and "Indictment of the Political Convention" in the New York *Times Magazine* for March 16, 1952, Kefauver has expressed a firm belief that there is nothing wrong with the two-party system that "more democracy cannot cure." In the cure, he and his devoted followers believe, lies hope not only for Democracy but also for Estes Kefauver.

There is something a bit mystic about this supreme confidence, for the nature of the Senator's popular appeal is not completely clear even to close associates. Certainly, Kefauver could never win a popularity contest among his colleagues in the Senate. Though devotees are quick to point out a Lincolnesque quality about the man as far as size and ruggedness are concerned, it is a fact that, unlike Lincoln's public utterances, Kefauver's incite no deep-felt response from the listener.

Much has been made of the Kefauver smile and handclasp, but recipients of these particular attentions can testify that they are something less than overpowering. The Kefauver gaze seems to be fixed just over and beyond the bridge of one's nose. One has the feeling of being a digit in a hand-operated adding machine. The Kefauver facility for sorting out names and faces, though diligently worked at, is not remarkable. Usually he keeps an assistant at hand to jog his memory. There have been occasions when he has given the big smile and murmured the habitual "I'm Estes Kefauver" to people who consider themselves old friends of his. Some of them have complained that they begin to weary of the routine.

That 1952 Record

For Estes Kefauver to rise and address the Senate during a legislative debate is the signal for reporters in the press gallery to rise and depart. Kefauver is a mumbler. He delivers his speeches with all the gusto of one who is seeing the text for the first time. This, some insist, is just about the truth of the matter.

Among Kefauver's Democratic colleagues there is resentment and, indeed, a veiled hostility toward him. He does not pull his share of the load, they argue. In the midnight strategy conferences when crucial decisions are being hammered out, his seat is apt to be vacant. During the long hours of debate which, seemingly purposeless, provide a vitally necessary backdrop for negotiation and maneuver, he is not an active participant. Estes Kefauver, many of the Senators claim, is not a team player.

In spite of all this, it cannot be denied that Kefauver has a political appeal. His rise to national prominence came with breathtaking speed. In 1948, he was elected to the Senate after five terms of able but hardly spectacular service in the House. Four years later, according to public-opinion polls and state preferential primaries, he went to the Democratic Convention in Chicago as the leading Democratic contender. He had won fourteen of the sixteen primaries he entered (losing out in the voteless District of Columbia to Averell Harriman and in Florida to Senator Richard Russell), receiving 3,140,000 votes of the approximately 4,600,00 cast in them. He had beaten President Truman in New Hampshire and a highly financed ticket for Senator Robert Kerr in Nebraska, and in California had polled 100,000 more votes in the Democratic primary than Governor Warren had in the Republican. According to Kefauver loyalists, the outcome of the Chicago Convention

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was a flagrant violation of the popular mandate.

What then is the source of Kefauver's power? And what are the limitations? These are the questions that his supporters have been examining rather closely of late in the hope of doing this time what they failed to do in 1952.

Some attribute a great deal to height. In an age of stress and uncertainty, they argue, the people look to big men, and, distrusting other standards of measurement, are attracted to the man who is tall. How else, for example, explain the renewed success of six-foot-eight-inch Governor James Folsom of Alabama, who was returned to office last year in spite of a series of revelations that would have floored a lesser candidate? In terms of sheer mass, six-foot-three-inch 220-pound Estes Kefauver has no close competition for the Presidency except possibly Harold Stassen in the Republican camp.

Others speak of a "bigness of spirit" which Kefauver is supposed to convey by means other than words. They assert that ordinary people everywhere, lacking in articulateness themselves, are drawn to this somewhat inarticulate but stubborn and shrewd man. People instinctively feel that he is a big man in more ways than one, not given to low or mean thoughts. A newspaperman who traveled with Kefauver during his 1952 campaign described a speech he gave in a rural community in South Dakota one afternoon. "It was a drab speech to a drab little audience," he said. "But afterward they crowded around him with genuine enthusiasm. Something had happened. They got it. I didn't."

To THE stocktakers for organized liberal groups, there is further explanation for Kefauver's appeal in his voting record. He is probably the only Southern legislator who has been able to maintain an all-round liberal record in Congress and survive back home. On labor issues, as far as organized labor is concerned, he is without blemish. On foreign policy, public power, and social legislation, he is consistently with the ideals of the Democratic Party as expressed in its platform. On civil rights, he has said that he would support a properly drawn

anti-lynching bill, has opposed a compulsory F.E.P.C. (though claiming he would support the party platform in this matter), and favored reform on the crucial issue of cloture.

It is perhaps not such an amazing thing that he should have managed to surmount some of the obstacles that obstruct the path of other Southern liberals. After all, in Tennessee, a border state and the heartland of TVA, the racial issue is not so explosive as in Senator John Sparkman's native Alabama, nor do private utilities wield the political influence they do in Senator William Fulbright's Arkansas. A man must be measured in terms of the pressures he is up against.

Unhurried Voter

But there have been moments of crisis in Congress when, by Congressional standards at least, it took courage for Kefauver to stand up against the others. In the House he took the unpopular position of opposing making the Un-American Activities Committee permanent and fought the Federal Employment Loyalty Act. In the Senate he voted against the McCarran Immigration Act and was one of the very few who stood firm against the Internal Security Act of 1950. And last year he stood alone, in the final vote, against the Humphrey amendment to outlaw membership in the Communist Party—a rather cute effort by Senate liberals to outdo the right-wing vigilantes. On occasions like this last, only a few days after he had won a hotly contested primary campaign in Tennessee and still faced a general election, Kefauver appears to speak out of a deep conviction. "We cannot destroy ideas by passing laws," he has said.

At other times, as when the Formosa Strait resolution was being whipped through Congress with alarmist shouts, Kefauver has refused to be hurried. He submitted an amendment of his own removing the risky offshore-island provisions and according proper jurisdiction to the U.N. Unlike a number of his colleagues who backed and filled during this panicky period, he maintained a steadfast course.

This capacity for lonely action has evidently failed to hurt him back home, for he was returned to the Senate in a near landslide last year. It has also served to place him apart from other Senators in the regard of certain individuals and groups who can be helpful to a man with Presidential ambitions. Colonel William Roberts, a wealthy Washington attorney and entrepreneur who is one of his closest supporters, argues that Kefauver's ability to make quick, courageous decisions in moments of stress is a primary qualification for the President's job. Roberts recounted to me a hitherto secret episode that happened during the critical second ballot at the Chicago Convention when, with Kefauver leading 362½-324½ against Stevenson, there were still high hopes at his command center in the Stockyards Inn. Governor Gordon Browning of Tennessee, a close friend who had nominated Kefauver the day before, burst in on the candidate with a message from Governor Allen Shivers of Texas. If Kefauver would sign a rather vaguely worded statement promising to give just consideration to the Gulf Coast states in their tidelands-oil claims, Shivers would swing Texas's vote to him and could probably bring along Mississippi's. Kefauver, groggy with fatigue, answered without hesitation, "I can't sign it, Gordon." The deal was off.

'To Be President'

Carey Estes Kefauver was born on July 26, 1903, in Madisonville, Tennessee. The Kefauvers traced their

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ancestry to a Huguenot who came to this country in 1750. On his mother's side, the Esteses were of Italian descent, and one of them reportedly was once a successful opponent of Davy Crockett for a local office in Tennessee. (On being defeated, Crockett was supposed to have said, "You stay here and go to hell if you want to. I'll go to Texas.") Kefauver's father, still living, was a successful banker and real-estate dealer, and once was mayor of the little country town.

When Estes was eleven, the tragic death of his older brother by drowning brought on acute melancholia resulting in the moody detachment that is still a dominant trait in the man. Symptoms of his lofty ambition can also be traced to an early age. At sixteen, he scawled this description of himself in a classmate's scrapbook: "Nickname, Big Bill. Traits: Mean and Lazy. Ambition: To be President."

There seems to have been no interruption in this ambition. He was graduated from the University of Tennessee and from the Yale Law School, where he was overshadowed academically by his classmate Herbert Brownell, Jr. Then he settled down to practice law in Chattanooga, which was in the Democratic Third Congressional District. Nearer home was Knoxville, which lay in the Republican Second. He earned a partnership in a prominent firm, married the red-headed daughter of a Scottish knight visiting in Chattanooga, and in 1939 was elected to Congress. To his friends, he made no bones about the fact that the lowly post of Representative was only a way station.

During Kefauver's service in the House, his primary devotions—somewhat surprising for a young Congressman, especially during the war period—were to Congressional reform and an attack on the monopolistic growth of business. He was co-author of a book, *A Twentieth Century Congress,* in which he put forward a mass of proposals ranging from adoption of an electrical vote recorder to abolition of the seniority system for the election of committee chairmen. He was particularly concerned with getting Congress to perform a more responsible role in its dealings with the Executive Branch, favoring the scheduling of a British-type question period for Cabinet members and a Constitutional amendment to permit treatymaking by majority vote of the two Houses. Nothing has come of any of these proposals.

Senator Kefauver's seventeen-year record of lawmaking cannot be compared to that of such legislative workhorses as Senators Lister Hill and Richard Russell from neighboring states or, among colleagues of commensurate Senate seniority, Hubert Humphrey and Paul Douglas. Quite deliberately, he has chosen other areas of concentration. His ear has been more attuned to noises outside the workaday drone of the Senate chamber. Starting in 1950, in particular, he has found the investigative role a more satisfying preoccupation than the legislative one. It was then that he conducted the great crime investigation that practically overnight made him into a national television celebrity.

The Freshman

No one has been able to explain satisfactorily just why it was that a freshman Senator got to be chairman of a special committee to delve into such a choice and politically explosive subject. The explanation probably lies, as for so many inscrutable political decisions, in a combination of factors. Two regular Senate committees were contending for the privilege. Kefauver kept doggedly prodding the irresolute Majority Leader, Scott Lucas of Illinois, to get consideration of his own resolution. Finally Lucas, in a fit of impatience, agreed to bring it to a vote. Six months later, Lucas had been defeated for re-election and was bitterly blaming Kefauver's probing into Chicago gangland for his misfortune.

It is surprising in more ways than one that Kefauver did not draw down more fire upon himself. Sober students of Congressional investigations have shaken their heads sadly over certain of the crime proceedings. Though the Tennessee chairman was always the solemn, deliberative presiding officer, his chief counsel, Rudolph Halley, was not so judicial. There was bursts of intemperateness like the one during the executive hearing of former numbers operator Louis J. Crusco in Philadelphia—

HALLEY: I think you are the worst liar I ever heard in here. . . .

CRUSCO: I have been a sick man. I take spasms.

HALLEY: You look as though you were about to have one.

KEFAUVER: Let's get on with the examination.

In retrospect, Kefauver too has expressed misgivings about certain aspects of the hearings. He has said that he was mistaken in ordering a gambler to testify before the television cameras. Late in 1954, Kefauver sent a letter to Lyndon Johnson of Texas, soon to become Senate Majority Leader of the Eighty-fourth Congress, in which he showed a keen realization that investigative procedures had gone astray. "I have been aghast . . . at the excesses to which the various committees of Congress have gone in the fields of the so-called subversive investigations," he wrote. "They have made us all look ridiculous by their headline grabbing tactics . . ."

It is difficult not to believe that Kefauver himself was aware of the power of publicity during the phenomenal build-up he received in the two years prior to the 1952 Democratic Convention. After the crime

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hearings he still loomed large in the public eye, benefiting not a little from the fact that he appeared to be the sole Democrat prepared to challenge a Truman bid for re-election. A great many periodicals, not normally pro-Democratic in editorial slant, seemed eager to assist him in this. *U.S. News & World Report,* for example, featured Kefauver heavily during the winter and spring of 1951-1952. The Luce publications were also extraordinarily attentive. For reasons of his own, Drew Pearson, whose attachment to causes and candidates can be quite zealous, was an ardent Kefauver booster.

Pulling and Hauling

In spite of the fanfare, the Kefauver campaign was not a very well-managed operation. In the quest for professional guidance, Gael Sullivan, a former Democratic National Chairman, was chosen to manage it. Sullivan didn't do much for Kefauver, though obviously it would have taken some doing to attract the big-city bosses to the Kefauver corner. Instead, an assorted gathering of second-string pros and amateurs swarmed around, pulling and hauling their candidate in a thousand directions.

Funds were always running out, Kefauver being left with a sizable debt when it was over. "The campaign showed that Kefauver, who is doggone good at picking out the flaws in other people's affairs, lacked a real organizational talent in running his own," one former aide commented. It is a fairly common failing among Senators who have had little executive experience.

That the campaign kept going as well as it did was due to the amazing endurance of Kefauver, who moved relentlessly from state to state with little plan or schedule, sometimes missing engagements and sending along his wife, Nancy, as a substitute. He cultivated individual voters as if it were a Tennessee primary. He seemed bound and determined by sheer stamina to overthrow the party hierarchy from beneath, and he was genuinely stunned to arrive in Chicago and find that the professionals, abetted by a great many amateur admirers of Adlai E. Stevenson, were able to lick him with a reluctant candidate. Particularly on that final evening, when he mounted the platform to make his withdrawal speech and was made to wait out the interminable third roll call, the seasoned politicians gave him a humiliating experience.

Good Loser

A month after the convention, Kefauver wrote in a guest column for Drew Pearson that he was having trouble sleeping and couldn't keep his mind off the convention. "Should I have held out and tried to deadlock the convention? Did I do right in going to the convention hall to withdraw? Should I have advised my friends to vote differently on some of the issues?" Undoubtedly, some bad mistakes were made as far as his future ambitions were concerned. His support for ejecting the Virginia delegation, whatever its logic, hardened resentment in the South. His last-ditch defiance of the role played by Truman and the bosses is still remembered. On the other hand, unlike Senator Russell, who hurried off to South America, he pitched in valiantly to support the Democratic ticket and thereby earned a measure of good will.

SINCE THEN, his associates feel, Kefauver's recovery has been adequate if not phenomenal. He was thwarted by Senate Democratic leaders from getting chairmanship of the monopoly investigation, a subject close to his heart and of potentially major political value. Instead, he has had to content himself with not particularly exciting probes into pornographic literature and juvenile delinquency. The Dixon-Yates affair, especially with the latter-day development of an apparent violation of the law, provides a fertile field which he can be expected to plow during the months ahead. He has maintained extensive contacts with supporters throughout the country.

On the other hand, the past three years, during which he has maintained a heavy travel and speech schedule, have further emphasized his rather loose participation in the branch of government of which he is a member. One of his closest advisers admitted to me that his No. 1 obligation during the approaching session of Congress will be to establish better relations with his fellow Senators. It will not be a small task.

It will not be easy, either, to rejuvenate the sprawling Kefauver movement that was so laboriously built up in 1951-1952. From California, which stayed with him till the last, have come reports that a number of state and local leaders have gone over to Stevenson. In Tennessee, Governor Frank Clement, who has Vice-Presidential aspirations, could deal a severe blow if he tries to keep the home state delegation from being pledged to the Senator. Kefauver has candidly admitted that money will be a big problem and ridiculed the rumor that the Harriman crowd might provide financial support as a way of stopping Stevenson.

The Optimists

There is no lack of heart, however, among Kefauver's inner circle. Recently, a small group set up an embryonic Kefauver-for-President headquarters in the new Pennsylvania Building in Washington, its lease paid up through the next inauguration. Among the group, who assert they are acting with Kefauver's knowledge but not his consent, are Colonel Roberts, Bradley Eben of Chicago, Charles Neese of Nashville, ex-Representative Andrews Jacobs of Indianapolis, Lou Poller, a television-station owner from Milwaukee, and DeLancey C. Smith of San Francisco.

To these men, who are not professional politicians or even extraordinarily prominent figures in the political community, Kefauver's prospects are not discouraging. They believe he can build an organization this time that will be more effective. Harriman's candidacy will help, not hurt, Kefauver, they insist, since it will tend to weaken Stevenson. (The same argument, with names switched, is heard in the Harriman camp.) Kefauver can be more selective about the primaries he enters. This time, his supporters argue, the primary will really mean some-

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thing if he succeeds in meeting Stevenson in a head-on clash. They look back hopefully to the Wisconsin primary in 1944, when Dewey defeated Willkie's try for a second nomination. Like Kefauver himself, his followers display little doubt that he can win out wherever it is simply a matter of appealing directly to the people.

This time, they also speak of making overtures to the party bosses in hope that the antagonisms of 1952 may have eased. Even Truman, they claim, may have mellowed. A confidential memo has been circulated within the group purporting to be a firsthand account of Truman's misgivings about Stevenson. "If that guy [referring to Stevenson] comes out for flexible price supports," Truman is quoted as saying, "I'm going to go out and campaign against him."

Significantly, one of Kefauver's first acts on returning from his round-the-world trip in mid-October was to telephone Truman to report the high esteem in which the Missourian is held in Europe. From a source close to the former President, however, comes word that while he is trying to spark some Stevenson-Harriman competition, he still holds a rather dim view of Kefauver.

Opposite Views

As convention time draws near, the Kefauver team believes, both the party professionals and the rank-and-file members are being presented with the choice of two basically opposite attitudes toward the business of attaining the Presidency. Stevenson has made his attitude quite clear. He told a reporter recently that he thinks of the Presidency as "something that should be beyond ordinary ambition. . . . The Presidency—the actual and symbolic leader of the most powerful and influential democracy in history—is something elevated beyond human experience or desire."

Kefauver, a man who has maintained an extraordinarily consistent purpose and direction all his life, expressed it this way in an interview in 1952: ". . . I suppose it is just a natural desire on the part of every boy and girl to want to be President. I think I would like the job. I realize it would be very, very hard, but I have done hard things before."

THE LONGEST CAMPAIGN IN HISTORY

ERIC SEVAREID

I SPENT a week recently in the upper Midwest, across the immensity of the Dakotas and Minnesota. This is the best time of the year out there where there is only winter and summer, no real spring, and merely a touch of autumn. This year the touch has been prolonged, and that rare gift, a true Indian summer, now blesses the land with warm suns and red leaves. A little too warm, maybe, for the college football that dominates the mental landscape to the extent that you hear play-by-play shouts from the radio loudspeaker even in your airplane; a little hard on the duck shooters—the greenheads fly high and wary in fine weather; a little hard on the school kids whose desks are next to the open windows; but a blessing for almost everyone else after a scorching and wilting summer.

IF THE winter season is coming late to the North Central States, the political season is coming early. It has arrived already. The President's illness has disrupted the whole year's expected calendar of political thought and speech and event. It was all to be so short and neat, the briefest political campaign in history. But now the whole structure of planning has fallen apart and the 1956 campaign, in a real sense, is on full blast. It will be the longest, not the shortest, campaign we've known.

This is Republican country I've been in, by and large. It was a surprise, coming from Washington, to find the apparent impossibility of the President's running again not quite accepted—the true situation not yet sunk home. When I reflected the Washington conviction and said in a television interview that the chances of his candidacy were about 100 to 1 against, there were phone calls of considerable anger and disbelief.

But many, of course, knew in their hearts at once what the Presidential collapse must mean. The retired editor in my little home town in North Dakota said, "When my wife called to tell me what the radio was reporting about the President having a heart attack, why, I just felt like a heavy weight had fallen on me."

IT IS HARD to see how the President can delay an announcement about his intentions very long without compounding a good deal of party havoc on the state and local levels. The present uncertainty affects not only those few individuals regarded as possible nominees for the White House; it affects hundreds of Republican—and even Democratic—officeholders and potential candidates for state, local, and Congressional office. If the magic name of Eisenhower is not there, to ride along with or to have to buck, that makes a difference to hundreds of individual political decisions that must be taken soon.

Consider Minnesota as one example. The Republicans had decided to call nine Congressional district conventions this month, each to select two delegates whose names would go on the official party petitions nominating Eisenhower in the state primary next spring. For dressing, a hundred thousand signatures were to be collected on the Eisenhower petitions. All these plans are now shot to pieces. Conventions are postponed. The old Stassen backers are beginning to stir on their own. Frantic conjecturing goes on about a favorite son to hold convention delegates steady. Some want to push ahead; others counsel patience; there is no general agreement on what to do or when to do it.

Definite news that Mr. Eisenhower will not run would still be hard to take, since hope also springs eternal in the political breast. But the present uncertainty is almost as bad for the local arenas, however much better it may serve the conduct of the Federal government than would an early announcement of Presidential retirement next year.

(A broadcast over CBS Radio)

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An Imaginary Talk With James Reston

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

THE FOLLOWING is an imaginary press conference, like the ones that occasionally appear in the columns of James Reston of the New York *Times*. This one is with Mr. Reston himself.

Q. Mr. Reston, as someone who has stumbled into journalism, I admire your work as the best kind of journalism—sharp, probing, concentrated on the big questions. And as a sort of moralist, I must also say that there is a sturdy moral sense in your columns that impresses me a great deal.

A. Thank you. That's nice of you, but it isn't necessary. What's your question?

Q. My question is this: Why is Mr. Nixon suddenly being mellowed in your columns?

A. Mellowed? In my columns? I just report the news.

Q. Please, Mr. Reston, in these dream press conferences isn't everyone supposed to be perfectly candid? You top journalists do more than report news, don't you? You make news. You not only observe reality; you change that reality by the way you observe and report it. You must have a lot of news to pick from down in the *Times* Washington bureau, and what you pick and how and when you say something makes a big difference . . .

A. Is this a question or a lecture?

Q. Sorry. Don't you fellows affect the course of the news you report by the way you report it?

A. Sure we do.

Q. Don't conscientious and intelligent columnists like you and the Alsops and Lippmann have an especially powerful impact?

A. Maybe. I suppose the twist in this—I always like to look for a twist—is that the more you try to be sharp and impartial, the more weight your words have in partisan politics. Sometimes an umpire can have more effect on a game than Duke Snider.

Q. Right. So now you fellows can play quite a role as kingmakers, can't you?

A. That's too strong. There are some columnists and commentators—I won't mention names—who would not mind that role. But if the rest of us play it, we do so unwillingly. Well, except for maybe just a little thrill now and then. As Willie Mays says, sometimes it does feel good to see the ball land in there.

Q. You write that the image of Nixon as a well-heeled, calculating spokesman for the right wing is "a joke," but what proof do you give?

A. I explained how understaffed and poor his office is.

Q. But that doesn't prove or disprove much of anything, does it?

A. As I wrote more recently, no one who has watched Mr. Nixon these last two years would think him the same man he once was. In some of these things one has to go by a reporter's judgment.

Q. I'd trust yours a long way, Mr. Reston. But just one year ago you were writing about "two-bit politicians and cheap debating tricks" in a context that made it apply, rather plainly, to Nixon among others.

A. As I also wrote recently, Mr. Nixon is only forty-two years old, and men that young can change.

Q. But can't bad young men just keep right on being bad when they get older?

A. Nixon isn't as bad as the station-wagon liberals think he is. And in the same column in which I wrote about Nixon's being young and changeable, I said the same thing about Stevenson and others.

Q. But wasn't Nixon the real beneficiary of the column?

A. Look, this man Nixon may be President of the United States some day. A great paper like the *Times* has a bigger responsibility than you realize. Also, we have to have sources. To get the Yalta papers, to break the Talbott story . . .

Q. Or to find out that the pad on which Nixon spent five days writing a Boston speech was yellow, or that his Senate restaurant bill the last month of the session was $833, you have to have contacts. I get it. My own sources are chiefly the family baby sitters, but by extrapolating vigorously I can see how it would be with the *Times* Washington bureau. You get news from Cabinet members, Senators, even Presidents. You have to keep lines open. You can't offend any source too much.

A. Wait a minute. Don't misunderstand me. We don't warp the news. Quite the contrary. We try to stay objective and impartial.

Q. That's something else that worries me. Isn't it possible to work so hard at being independent, impartial, and objective that you miss the truth? I have often felt that your paper and some of the big name columnists are impartial, but more impartial on one side than the other. You deplore Nixon's campaign tactics or Ives's attack on Harriman, but you carefully scrape up some lesser samples on the other side and give them equal weight. You resist the "extremists" of the McCarthy-Jenner variety, but you conjure up another "extreme" that is supposed to be just as bad so that you can recommend a middle way.

A. Maybe you're the one who has lost his objectivity.

Q. Well, then, "objectivity" isn't so simple to find, is it? And just balancing and moderating and middling doesn't necessarily achieve it, does it? And "objectivity" is not sought for its own sake but only as a means to the truth, isn't it? I'm just full of rhetorical questions. Here's another. Isn't it to a journalist's interest to *appear* impartial and objective?

A. There's a difference between a phony pose and a real, hardheaded effort to see through everybody's hokum and stereotypes. But I admit that it's nice when you can find something that cuts across all sides or lands in an unexpected corner.

Q. Mr. Reston, your stuff is so alert and fresh, and so obviously seeking the big questions, that I can ask you . . .

A. Thank you again, but as I said, that isn't necessary.

Q. But I have a point. I wonder if one cannot be too earnestly seek-

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ing what is independent and different for its own sake. Doesn't the good journalist stand in danger of his own virtuosity, as if he were saying: "See, I can find things in this that you can't find. I can discover something good in this man you think is no good. I can see something bad in this man you think is a paragon. I can put together these events that look unrelated to you, and find in them a trend . . ."

A. Do you have any examples?

Q. Take your reporting of the 1952 election; that's an example of all the things we've been talking about. I felt throughout that you had kind of a double standard—trying Stevenson and the eggheads by a more exacting test, because they should know better, and then shrugging your shoulders and apologizing for the faults, which you admitted and reported, in the Republicans.

A. Doesn't all this just show your bias, not mine?

Q. No, it's more complex than that. It was the same in 1954. If the fault of the bad press is one-sidedness, the fault of the good press is both-sidedness. This both-sidedness may mean a kind of smug indifference. Or it may contain a hidden imbalance. You work hard to give Nixon the benefit of the doubt, but lambasted Truman last April for his remarks about the one-party press.

A. But, as I said, the Alsops and the *Times* and the Washington *Post* have exposed more of the faults of the Eisenhower Administration than the Democrats. What do they mean, one-party press?

Q. My point is that if you had been trying as hard to see what might be true in Truman's charge as you have to sympathize with his opponents, the column might have been different. All I am saying is that since you are one of those journalists who lean backward when writing about politics, we readers had better lean forward while reading you. O.K.?

A. Lean any way you want to, young man. I would say this: If you are going to be a journalist, you need to learn to conduct a better interview than this one. You keep trying to propound your own ideas. It's like Casey Stengel said . . .

Q. Thank you, Mr. Reston. I've learned a lot from you.

The Labor Vote—Monopoly or Myth?

ROBERT BENDINER

WHEN Leonard W. Hall talks about the political power of organized labor, the thought seems to plunge him into a mood somewhere between wistful envy and quiet courage. The Republican National Committee chairman recently remarked on "Meet the Press" that for political action the two great houses of labor, which are about to be merged, were "much better organized than either party." Somewhat ahead of events, he added, "When the CIO and AFL joined up, I understood they started out with a treasury of some seven million dollars, and I looked at my books the other day and I had about $150,000. That's quite a difference." It's quite a misunderstanding, too, since none of labor's millions can be expended on its political action committees, which are obliged under the law to raise their own funds.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hall promises that his Republicans, backed only by outfits like General Motors and the National Association of Manufacturers, "will be equally well organized in 1956." With the financial odds 47 to 1 against him and his plucky little party of underdogs, he proposes to play David to George Meany's Goliath.

To hear them talk, quite a few Republican politicians share Hall's dream world, and more may be expected to crowd in as the 1956 campaign warms up. The New York *Daily News* warns ominously that certain CIO leaders expect a fifteen-million boost in union membership in the coming decade, and the newspaper pictures these schemers as counting ultimately on a "thirty-million mass of voters" that will easily control the political life of the Republic.

It is true that Mr. Meany has made some of the enthusiastic sounds that might be expected of a man who is soon to head a huge new combination. "Once labor is united," he announced, for example, "we are resolved to intensify the political activities of labor and free the trade-union movement of shackles forged by the political power of big business." In the rhetorical enthusiasm of Labor Day, he went even further and suggested that, allowing for families, fifteen million workers really meant fifty million people, or roughly one-third of the country's population.

But, aside from such holiday effusions, labor's chieftains are extremely restrained about the political potential of the new CIO-AFL. And with good reason, for the facts and figures are all on the side of modesty.

The Crucial Half Million

Of the country's seventeen million trade-unionists, fifteen million will be members of the merged organization. Polls and union politicians agree that the ratio of those who turn out on Election Day to those who are eligible to turn out is the same among union-card holders as among the rest of the population—roughly fifty-five per cent. That leaves eight million AFL-CIO members who are politically conscious enough to vote, but—and it is a big but—this core is far from the solid, maneuverable unit that haunts the conversation of Leonard Hall.

Labor politicians themselves estimate that only about seventy per cent of these voting unionists generally share the views of their top leaders. A Roper poll in 1952 put the figure at sixty-five per cent. The rest have been pretty solidly Republican in national elections. As a defeated Democrat had occasion to remark not long ago, "Just because a guy is in a union doesn't mean he is in a state of grace." He may be a product of the union shop.

If this sixty-five or seventy per cent of trade-union voters actually took political direction from their union mentors, we would have about five and a half million votes at the dispos-

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al of a handful of labor chiefs—not thirty million but still an impressive bloc. The less sensational truth, however, is that some ninety per cent of these voters would normally vote the Democratic ticket even if it were headed by Liberace.

In any case, it is virtually certain that neither the Political Action Committee (CIO) nor Labor's League for Political Education (AFL), nor both together, could switch any serious number of these voters to the G.O.P. even if they wanted to—any more than John L. Lewis could carry his miners for Willkie back in 1940. On the other hand, the independent ten per cent remaining (a half million or so) are capable of flopping over to the Republicans on their own if they feel strongly enough, even over the strenuous advice of their leaders. They did just that in 1952. If there is any union vote to be wrestled for, it is this half million. The rest can only be exhorted to come out and vote on Election Day or to stay home and sleep.

FROM THIS COLD, statistical perspective, therefore, it would seem that the power of labor's political arm to pledge and deliver a nationwide vote is nothing to trouble Mr. Hall's sleep, and it is highly improbable that it does. If he makes much of it, it is simply because the bogy of a politically threatening labor movement is enough to stampede huge herds into the opposition corral—including, ironically, a good many trade-unionists.

What Mr. Hall and his colleagues would undoubtedly like to see is a repetition, on a national scale, of the folly committed five years ago by labor's politicians in Ohio. In an effort to unseat the late Senator Taft, trade-union campaign leaders put on such a gaudy display of muscle flexing, chest pounding, and general cockiness on behalf of "Jumping Joe" Ferguson that they scared even their own people and sent thousands of Democrats scurrying into the camp of "labor's worst enemy." Privately, AFL people tell how they pleaded with CIO leaders in Ohio to tone down the campaign and even to write it off in advance rather than pin a ridiculous defeat on labor. But the local chiefs, CIO and AFL alike, thought they had the brute strength to replace Taft with an amiable hack. The result was that they unwittingly set up a pro-Taft coalition that sent them reeling on Election Day.

McDevitt and Kroll

In the contemplated marriage of L.L.P.E. and P.A.C., the Republicans are unlikely to find this sort of nourishment for a campaign of fear. The League is headed by James L. McDevitt, a mild and sober man who thinks trade-union politicians should work exclusively within the family of labor, keep out of the spotlight, and use a soft pedal at all times. Jack Kroll, his P.A.C. counterpart, is primarily an organizer and has managed to head the more militant political arm of the CIO since

Sidney Hillman's death nine years ago without exactly making his name a byword in American politics. Neither McDevitt nor Kroll is a kingmaker, and neither has delusions of grandeur about labor's political power. Acting in harness as co-chairmen of the merged group, they will not set the Potomac on fire.

To talk to these gentlemen is to realize how far labor leaders have progressed toward a businesslike sobriety since those lusty days when CIO politics consisted of John L. Lewis calling Vice-President Garner "a labor-baiting, whisky-drinking, poker-playing, evil old man."

Both McDevitt and Kroll rely heavily on Congressional voting records, and they study every district with the canniness of a precinct leader. "This is the bible," McDevitt says, hauling out several huge bound notebooks from a desk drawer. "We have here analyses of every Congressional district in the U.S. We know exactly what happened in previous elections, and why." The object is not to use campaigns as a sounding board for labor but to distribute labor's funds only where there is a lively chance of electing a man who will probably serve its purposes.

Needless to say, this is not an attitude that points toward a third party or a balance of power of any sort. At bottom it is a scientific application of the old Gompers doctrine that labor must reward its friends, most of whom happen to be Democrats, and punish its enemies, most of whom happen to be Republicans. In truth, American labor has never been farther from the prospect of building a third party.

Of all the union presidents involved in the merger operation, only Mike Quill, the Don Quixote of the Transport Workers, still talks about building a "workers' party," and he has been severely squelched by the CIO hierarchy. Walter Reuther, who not so long ago talked third party too, has advised Quill to ease up on the mimeograph machine and get to work in the precincts. As for Quill's public suggestion that the merger was a form of "cannibalism," with the small unions on the menu, the CIO president chose to paraphrase Holy Writ. "May the Lord forgive Brother Quill," he said, his eyes lowered, "for he knows not what he doeth."

That Old Bugaboo

As great entrenched institutions, the trade unions have major stakes in the current activities of government. They want periodic boosts in the minimum wage, steady expansion of Social Security, price controls when inflation threatens to wipe out wage increments, and Federal agencies, capable of exercising enormous pressures in labor disputes, that will at least start out with a sympathetic ear for labor's argument. All these aspects of public policy are now part of the political as well as the economic pattern, and they mean more to trade-unionists than the pursuit of any ideological will-o'-the-wisp.

More than any of these factors, what prompted Labor's League and P.A.C. to get together informally, even before the merger of their par-

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ent organizations reached the blueprint stage, was primarily that old bugaboo the Taft-Hartley Act. It is noteworthy that after an existence of sixty-one years the AFL felt compelled to create a political arm only in 1947, the year that the "no good, do-nothing, Republican Eightieth Congress," as Truman fondly called it, put that statute on the books. Joint political committees of the two labor organizations were set up in forty-four of the states in the 1948 campaign. And the Federation officially endorsed a Presidential candidate in 1952 for the second time in its history.

With characteristic ebullience, the labor statesmen overdid their early attacks on Taft-Hartley and failed to persuade even their own rank and file that the Act was a "slave labor" law. But they were unquestionably sound in viewing it as a threat to the labor movement, as the increasing use of Section 14-B has clearly demonstrated. This is the clause that allows state law to take precedence over Federal in the matter of union shops, as a result of which "right to work" laws have been enacted in eighteen states.

What particularly inflames the labor statemen is that ten per cent of their normally Democratic members went over to the Eisenhower camp in the apparent belief that the General would press for repeal of Section 14-B. They evidently gleaned this notion from some ambiguous campaign pledge by Mr. Eisenhower to "strengthen, not weaken, the laws that protect the American worker." The Administration's failure to do anything about Section 14-B has intensified the hostility of labor professionals and has stirred up some peculiar political activity on their part within the states. It was in return for pledges to veto right-to-work laws that AFL politicians backed Goodwin J. Knight, a Republican hitherto undreamed of as a labor champion, for Governor of California, and "Happy" Chandler, in the past even less of a workingman's hero, for Governor of Kentucky.

In-Law Trouble

It would be a mistake to imagine that the marriage of labor's two chief political agencies is being approached without a certain skittishness on both sides. To begin with, P.A.C. had always enjoyed a fair degree of autonomy. The CIO has never had a full-time president, and neither Reuther nor Philip Murray before him kept a tight rein on the political agency. On the other hand Labor's League has always had to get a green light from the AFL bureaucracy before ordering soap for the washroom. Those who operate P.A.C., once Sidney Hillman's private preserve, look with some trepidation on the likelihood that before making the slightest move in the future they will have to clear it with Meany—or even with Reuther, who may well be made the No. 1 politician of the combined labor enterprise.

More important, the political perspectives of the two groups are only beginning to coincide after years of considerable difference. The CIO, given life by the Wagner Act, nurtured under the New Deal, and concentrated in nation-wide industries, has always been sensitive to national policies. Washington has been the focus of its political activities. The AFL, organized by crafts and long dominated by the building-trades unions, has cared little about national politics but kept a weather eye cocked on the city halls and party clubhouses of the land, where building codes originate and deals can be made. Mayors and sheriffs and local machines have until lately been more important to its welfare than Presidents, governors, and national parties. The emphasis was not so much on policy as on what this man or that machine could do for a particular local in a particular town.

To some of P.A.C.'s eager beavers this tradition of provincial bargaining smacks of trouble. So do the lily-white practices that still prevail in the AFL's Southern tier. P.A.C. people recall with a shudder that many AFL cardholders in North Carolina helped to retire Frank Graham from the Senate a few years ago by way of demonstrating that they wanted no Negro competition for their jobs.

New York will present labor's new political arm with the delicate question of handling the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, that powerful maverick which dominates the Liberal Party, which in turn is capable of casting a deciding vote in the biggest state of the Union. Even within the AFL, David Dubinsky's union has played the lone wolf, refusing to let Labor's League tap its members directly for contributions. It raises funds, instead, for its own ILGWU Campaign Committee, which in turn contributes to the League as it chooses, sometimes even earmarking the funds. Since its donations make up about half of the League's war chest, however, they are gratefully accepted, strings and all.

The idea of the ILGWU meekly taking political direction from McDevitt and Kroll strikes the initiate in such matters as naïve. It can be stated categorically that whenever differences arise between the new CIO-AFL political organism and the ILG so far as the situation in New York is concerned, each will go its own way. In fact, wherever labor groups agree to differ on the local level, the strong disposition of the top office will be to keep hands off and avert the official gaze. Even organizationally the local P.A.C.s and Leagues are being given two full years to reconcile themselves one to the other.

'The Rose Is Off the Boom'

For all these evidences that organized labor is not quite qualified to play the bogy for small Republican children, there is every chance that a united movement will have a considerable bearing on the 1956 elec-

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tion campaign—particularly now that the G.O.P. can no longer count on its most effective lure since the great Rough Rider.

Politically, the merger is well timed. There is little doubt that three years of Republican rule have been disillusioning to many a trade-unionist who, because of Korea or high prices or the alleged need for change, jumped on the Eisenhower band wagon. Some may feel let down by failure to modify the Taft-Hartley Act, but more by a general conviction that after twenty years of participation in the counsels of government, organized labor has been frozen out.

As long as the President seemed certain to run again, there was little likelihood of converting labor's growing dissatisfaction into a spirited opposition. But without Eisenhower's name on the Republican ticket, a vague disgruntlement can easily be transformed into a strong resentment against his party, fed by such items as the hiking of interest rates, the slowdown in home construction, the "give-away program," the polio-vaccine fiasco, the Administration's opposition to the dollar minimum wage, and even unemployment, spotty as it is. "The rose is off the boom," as one CIO official put it not long ago, "and we don't need much off to have three or four million men out of work."

In such a campaign the merger will have effects beyond the actual number of trade-union votes it can swing. It will provide more money, not in the aggregate, perhaps, but for concentrated use in Congressional districts agreed upon in advance. It will allow a profitable pooling of resources and talents. And it will tend strongly to discourage politicians from trying to nullify the union vote by turning one house of labor against the other, a practice not altogether unprecedented in American politics.

The net result of all this will hardly install Meany and Reuther in the next Cabinet, but if labor's political consolidation drives an additional million members to the polls next November, it will have proved that the whole is to be taken a good deal more seriously than the sum of its parts.

At Home & Abroad

Egypt's Liberation Province, The Beginning of a Beginning

MARTIN FLAVIN

Among the many projects, in blueprint or in process, with which the Egyptian Government of Gamal Abdel Nasser is occupied is Liberation Province, a reclamation project in the Libyan Desert bordering the Delta of the Nile between Cairo and Alexandria. The program contemplates eventual recovery of 1,200,000 acres—"feddan" is the word, approximately 1.04 acres—and a present goal of 600,000 acres, complete with model villages, livestock, orchards, everything: a project of no mean dimension, since upon completion it would add twenty per cent to all the land in Egypt under cultivation now. But completion of it is remote in time, and the six hundred thousand or one million human beings whom it might some day house and feed are increasing at the rate of five hundred and fifty thousand every year; in the last forty years the population of Egypt has nearly doubled. It is now 22.5 million.

I had heard of Liberation Province in Cairo, though it seemed little publicized; and I had expressed the wish in administrative circles, repeatedly in fact, that I might be given opportunity to visit it.—Why, yes, of course you should. By all means, they would say, making notes upon their desk pads. We'll phone and set a date. But two months dragged away, and it was on the eve of my departure from Egypt when someone finally did.

An unknown voice inquired, Would it be convenient for me to visit Liberation Province on the following day?—Yes, I could arrange it. —Would I please be ready and waiting at the door of the Semiramis Hotel at eight in the morning, when a car would call for me?

It came at nine, a German station wagon, new and shiny, with an Egyptian driver. The passengers included the owner of the voice, an amiable young man who was to be our guide, and his Bavarian wife, agreeable and loquacious in uncertain English; an Indian gentleman in white coat and Nehru cap, elderly and quiet, with an air of mild detachment; and a young French journalist from Casablanca, who sat in the front seat and related humorous anecdotes of rather ribald character. I sat in the back seat with the owner of the voice, whose name I never learned, and whom I shall call X.

'One Family, One Hand'

The day was warm and fine, with a cloudless azure sky. I settled back in the corner of my seat and consulted my brochure: Liberation Province had other purposes than the expansion of arable land—"the creation of an ideal society." Its residents would be carefully selected to ensure adaptability. They would wear, both men and women, "a special kind of dress, comfortable, smart, and conducive to work." The affairs of the village would be directed by a Village Council elected by the whole community, with joint councils to co-operate with other village groups for the execution of joint projects. The agricultural land apportioned to a village would form a single farm, of which each family would own five feddans in undivided ownership. Every citizen would work upon the land as if he were proprietor of all of it.

The same rule would apply to the livestock and equipment, to the sale and purchase of produce and necessities. "The whole village will be one family and one hand, working for

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the welfare and happiness of every one of its inhabitants. . . . Union, Discipline, and Labor will be the motto of all." And the state would supervise this happy family, providing it with doctors, teachers, and specialists, "guiding its steps on the road to good health and good manners. . . ." The number of such privileged citizens would continue to rise "until it comprises the inhabitants of the whole country." A project, I repeat, of no mean dimension.

Prime Minister Nasser, on a visit to the operation in July, 1954, said of what he saw: "[Liberation Province] is conclusive evidence that the Revolution has borne fruit, that Egypt is beginning to rid itself of the painful past and its poisonous dregs—egoism, enmities, and corruption. It is evident that Egypt has turned a new leaf, and is heading toward the attainment of its lofty aims. We are exerting every effort, in perfect harmony and complete co-operation, to reach our goal, and God is with us."

We parted from the fringe of cultivation and struck off into the desert on a narrow washboard road, scarcely more than wheel tracks in the rocky, crusted sand, marked at intervals with rusty oil drums. It did not seem conceivable that such land could be reclaimed. "You will see," said X, "as bad and worse blooming like a garden." His wife joined in: If I would look closely I would see here and there, in isolated spots, a hint of vegetation. I looked and saw it now—a fuzz of dried grass, as meager as the stubble on an unshaved chin.

Well that was it, she said, the secret of the matter. Where such spots were found, things could be made to grow, because there was a humus underneath, a yard or two deep beneath the sand. In some ancient time, many centuries ago, the surrounding desert had been under cultivation and then had been abandoned, perhaps because the Nile had carved new channels to the sea. But the humus had remained, to be finally buried by the drifting sand. I accepted the idea. It was comforting to think of the humus of the Pharaohs, as imperishable as the pyramids they built, being put to some good use.

The road was getting rougher,

ending abruptly in a terrific jolt that bounced us to the roof, snagging a patch pocket of my coat on the armrest of the seat and ripping it half off. We had lost our way and had to go back to find where the road divided. The sun was high and hot now, and the dazzling glare almost painful even to eyes shielded with dark glasses.

A Hundred Years

It was noon when we arrived in Liberation Province, exchanging dubious wheel tracks for a broad, hard-surfaced road, with fields of neatly cultivated crops stretching eastward to the treetops of the river's delta, flanked on the western side by a high-banked canal beyond which was the desert. There had been no deception. Things were growing in the sand, seemingly with little effort. For there were few workers scattered in the fields, and no women to be seen; no camels, donkeys, buffalo; no creaking water wheels or wooden corkscrews as elsewhere in cultivated Egypt. But there were pipes and valves and irrigation ditches, and water flowing through them into contoured furrows between the planted rows. It could have been a scene in the Imperial Valley in Southern California.

"Now you see," said X, "what can be done with water."—"Humus," said his wife, determined on her point.—"And when the trees are grown," X went on, "mangoes, palms, and orchards which have only just been planted, it will be like the Delta." We nodded in agreement.—But it would not be, I thought. It would lack the crowded casualness of makeshift, the give-and-take and tangle of marginal survival, and the beauty that derives from things that happen slowly through long periods of time. It would not be like the Delta, in which the single province of Minufiya, four hundred thousand acres in extent, supports a population of a million and a quarter—or rather, having reached the point of saturation, fails to do so.

X resumed: The immediate goal was the reclamation of thirty-four thousand feddans, representing a markaz (county), of which the present program provided for eighteen. Each markaz would contain two important villages, each of which would supervise six smaller villages. Completion of the first markaz, with all that it comprised, would take about three years.—"But at that rate," I ventured, "the total program will take nearly a hundred years." X looked a little startled, as if he'd never made the simple calculation, and then he shrugged it off. "Ah yes," he smiled, "I see. But later on it will go much faster." And he changed the subject, remarking that we would soon come to Om Saber, the first completed village of three under construction, where we would be received by the resident director and entertained for lunch.

'No Foreign Aid'

I returned to my brochure, which stated that completion of the village of Om Saber had taken seven months. The present program provided for a total of 216 villages, identical in construction and design: each of them sixteen feddans in extent, located in the center of the fifteen hundred feddans allotted to its use; each with "a beautiful small mosque, a primary school, a building for the Village Council, another building for a Co-operative Society Center, a market place and a water tank which supplies the whole village with pure drinking water by means of pipes branching off in all directions"; with electric light and power, drainage system, public oven, public bath, post office, shops, and parks; storehouses for farm produce and agricultural implements, with machine shops to maintain the latter. Finally, there would be 230 houses, made of hollow bricks with roofs of concrete slabs, each consisting of two rooms, plus a bathroom, kitchen, storeroom, and back yard, to accommodate 230 family units, estimated to comprise 1,400 persons.

Description of the directive coun

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ty seats was not contained in the prospectus. But over and above them there is to be a provincial capital which will bear the name of Nasr (Victory), "the blessed 'Password' which was used by the men of the Revolution during the night of July 23, 1952." The imposing program was concluded by a statement equally impressive: "No foreign aid of any kind, financial, technical or practical, has been sought or rendered in the establishment of Liberation Province."

"Om Saber," X announced, pointing to a distant scar in the treeless fields, scarcely to be noticed save for the slender minaret that cut the sky above it. We turned east on another surfaced road that led straight to the village, revealing a collection of flat-roofed, boxlike structures, geometrically laid out—resembling a modest housing project attached to a cement plant in a prairie state like Kansas: dusty gray, colorless and cheerless, with rutted streets, its parks as yet no more than empty sunbaked squares. It was possible to visualize a future for Om Saber, when trees would screen its nakedness and grass erase its wrinkles, and climbing vines and flower beds embower it; but it was not easy at first glance.

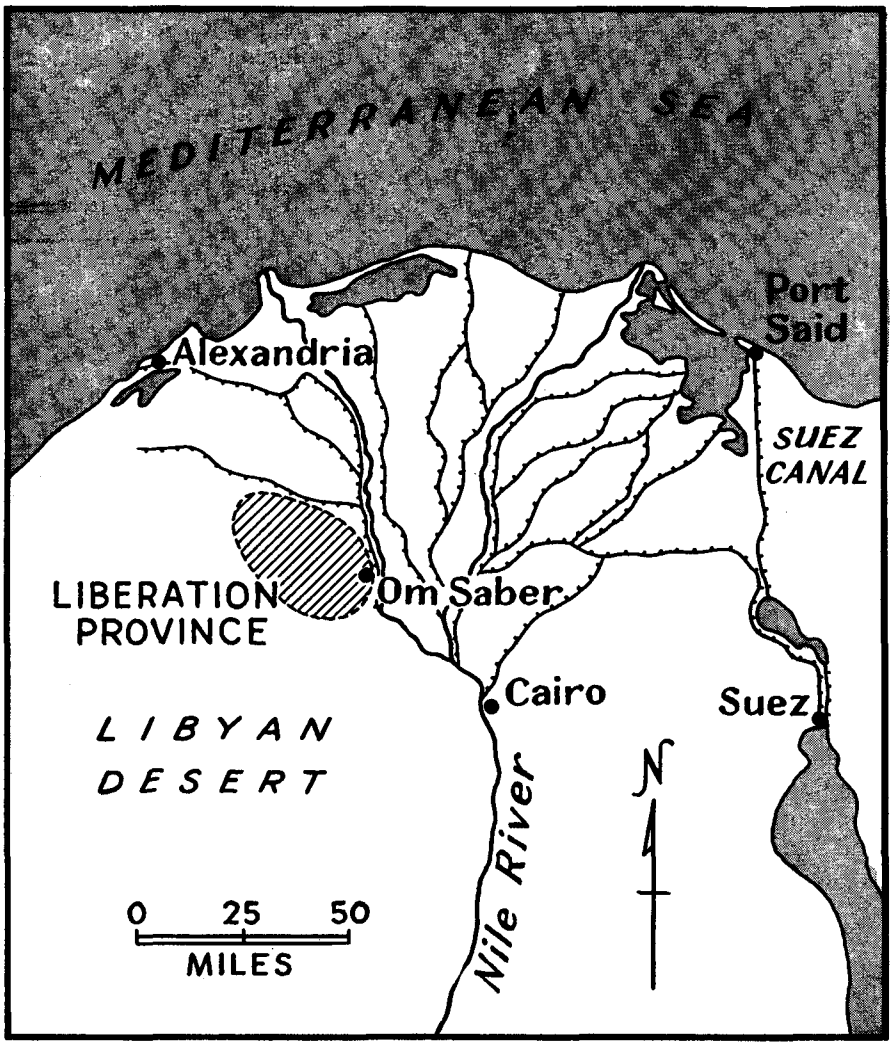
Haphazard Villages

An Egyptian village in its natural state looks at a distance like a handful of ochre-colored mud carelessly cast down upon the earth. Approaching closer it assumes a surrealist design, without hint of geometrical arrangement: a termitry, straitened and confined to occupy as little of the precious soil as possible, piled up on itself and jammed together; its flat roofs broken by heaps of brush stored on them; the harshness of its ragged lines relieved by lofty palms and the foliage of trees that have grown where they willed out of the jumble. If it be penetrated, by way of narrow alleys, within it life appears appropriately haphazard: fellahin in dirty galabias—the national costume for males, like a shapeless nightgown; women enveloped to their feet in coarse black-cotton garments, designed to conceal any comeliness they have, at pains to hide their faces from a stranger's glance; half-naked children, pausing in their play to hold out grimy hands, monotonously whining "Baksheesh, baksheesh"—quite likely the first word they learned to utter, though their begging is halfhearted and easily discouraged, as if it were no more than a ritualistic gesture—and finally the partners in the struggle to survive, chickens, goats and sheep, camels, buffalo, and cattle, members in good standing of the community.

Judged by western standards the village is a poor and wretched place, unadorned and unequipped save with the essentials of existence, though there may be a house or two whose more shrewd or fortunate owners are above the bare subsistence level. It is dirty, littered, smelly, without sanitation and riddled with disease, unaltered in appearance and in way of life for a thousand or perhaps five thousand years. Its inhabitants are friendly, hospitable people, in no sense primitive but complexly organized in a social pattern steeped in traditions of antiquity. The village itself is picturesque in a way that Om Saber will not be.

We arrived at the formal entrance to Om Saber—a barren park faced by a modest mosque and a bungalow-type building wherein the Village Council would carry on its functions, in present use as administrative center of the project. Here we were received in a well-furnished office, immaculately ordered, by a resident director who warmly welcomed us and ordered coffee. While we waited there were questions: The men who thronged the street did not look like farmers; what were they doing there?—No, they were not farmers. They were construction workers.—Then the village was not finished?—Practically, not quite.—There were no permanent residents?—Not yet, not until everything was ready to receive them. But they had been selected and were waiting to be

Map by Starworth



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called.—How many for this village? —Two hundred and thirty families.—From what region would they come? —From the most densely populated section of the Delta.—How were they selected?—By competitive examination, both physical and mental. They must be heads of families, under thirty years of age, able to read and write, and in good health. Following their selection they must undergo several months of schooling in a training village: a probationary period to test adaptability and character.—And if they failed to meet the standard?—They would be replaced by other applicants.—Were there many applicants?—The director smiled indulgently. If we were fellahin in an Egyptian village, he said, we would not need to ask.

No doubt, but at the moment, looking through the window at the desolate bleakness of the unfinished project, I had some reservations. I was thinking of the uniforms decreed in my brochure—"a special kind of dress, comfortable, smart, and conducive to work"—and the regimented implications of them: the very thing a military junta would prescribe. And I raised the question of them.—Ah, yes! The director wished he had a sample he could show us. The uniforms would be of gabardine, serviceable and good-looking. And he added with a smile that the galabia with its widely flowing skirt was not adapted to tractors and machinery. This was undebatable.

Our informant volunteered some figures. According to the most recent census, the annual family income of a majority of Egypt's fellahin did not exceed one hundred dollars. It was estimated that the farms of Liberation Province would return to their communal family owners an income six times as great, plus a standard of living beyond their wildest dreams. And in time, if things worked out, they would own in their own right, free of all encumbrance, the village land with its crops and orchards, canals and wells and pumps; homes and public buildings, schools and clinics; tractors, implements, and tools; sheep and purebred cattle—everything complete: a going concern operated by and for its free and happy citizens.—The Indian gentleman roused himself and asked a question: "In what length of time?"—"In thirty years," the director said, adding cheerfully that it was not long to wait for a new world.

There was now discussion about lunch, which was not yet quite ready. Perhaps we would like to inspect the village first and postpone until after lunch a tour of the project, including a visit to a second village under construction and the factory where the hollow bricks were made by a new Italian process. The Indian gentleman was in favor of lunch first but was voted down.

Accompanied by X and wife, we went out and found an open truck with benches at the sides waiting for us at the door. The driver into whose cab I climbed turned out to be the head of the animal-husbandry department—a modest, personable young man who had taken a degree from Cairo University and his doctorate in Scotland. He had been on the job for several months and expected to continue for an indefinite period, going on from one village to another as they were completed to introduce the livestock and standardize the methods of its care and propagation. He liked what he was doing and found it interesting, though it was not pleasant to be parted from his family. Could his family not be housed in the village where he worked? He shook his head. On the project there was provision for men only. If I saw a woman in Liberation Province I could be certain that she was a visitor. Perhaps later on it would be different; in the meantime one had to make the best of it.

Moslems and Copts

We stopped to view the mosque—a modest one with a decent minaret, adequate enough. Would there also be, I asked, a Coptic church? Not in Om Saber, X replied. Some villages would have them, some would not. I gathered that the families selected for Om Saber would be limited to Moslems. And this seemed reasonable. The Christian Copts, who were dominant in Egypt thirteen hundred years ago when the Arab invaders overwhelmed the country, are reduced to less than ten per cent. In the region of the Delta they constitute a negligible number, though in thinly peopled Upper Egypt they outnumber the Moslem population, and their mud-domed churches are more numerous than the minareted mosques. There is no conflict between them; and indeed there is in Egypt a reassuring tolerance toward racial and religious minorities. Government is firmly in Moslem hands, inclusive of at least the upper brackets of the bureaucracy, but beyond this fact there is little evidence of discrimination. The Copts, though they may not aspire to high office, have this unique distinction: They have been consistently resistant to conversion and rarely persuaded into intermarriage with the various invaders, as a result of which they may lay claim to being the only real Egyptians.

The Livestock

A block beyond the mosque, tight against the village and extending to the depth of it, were the livestock quarters—much too close, I thought, for comfort and hygiene, to escape the smells and flies, but at least a far departure from the custom of joint tenancy. They were well designed and built, conforming to the pattern of the village and scarcely to be distinguished from it: corrals and sheds and storehouses; a milking barn, spotlessly clean, with mechanical milkers and machine for pasteurizing; black-and-white Holstein cattle, fat and sleekly groomed, and a monumental bull in his individual pen. The expert showed them off with proper pride. Alfalfa-fed, he said. And there was plenty of it: seven cuttings to an acre and four tons to a cutting—a staggering yield in contrast to my California homeland. And I so expressed myself, adding that of course it came from virgin soil. "Yes, virgin," he admitted. "But not soil, just desert sand."

We walked on past a section allotted to the sheep which were not yet in residence. Beyond it, at the end, were poultry yards and houses, equipped with incubators, and well stocked with cackling hens and strutting roosters.

But where, I asked, were the homes for the work animals? The expert smiled. There would be no homes for them, because there would be none. "What! No donkeys,

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camels, buffalo?" He shook his head, pride showing in his eyes. In Liberation Province there would be no need for them. "Ah, yes, I see," I said, nodding agreement to this startling innovation. But there was a reservation in my mind. To be sure, in my country the familiar household animals—oxen, mules, and horses—have very nearly vanished from the scene of rural life. But they have not vanished in a moment, been snatched away between the dawn of one day and another. And they had not been as intimate companions, not members of the family, not quite in the same way. It seemed to me that at least the program might have spared a donkey, if only for the children.

With Kitchen and Bath

We climbed back into the truck and drove into the village, which, unfinished and untenanted, appeared much less inviting than the live-

stock area. There was first the public bathhouse to be viewed: a nest of narrow cells of dingy gray cement, which would be equipped with showers—certainly a valuable addition, but aesthetically forbidding, like a similar convenience in a penal institution. Not far from the bathhouse, fronting on a square which was to be a park, were the village school and playground, not yet furnished or equipped. In this central area there would also be a clinic and dispensary, but X was not sure where. Facing the park, on the side of the administrative center, was a row of shops: constricted little cubicles scarcely bigger than the stalls in a bazaar, empty save for one that was occupied by the post and telegraph office. "Om Saber's shopping center," X said proudly. Adjacent to the civic center was an assembly hall: a barren room suggestive of a tunnel, so narrow that a Ping-pong table nearly spanned it.

X led us now across a rutted street into a standard sample of the village housing, in rows like peas, with no frontal space between them: four rooms by prospectus, but actually two small ones, one behind the other, opening on a useless hall, at the end of which was a room without a window, no bigger than a closet—in which, X suggested, a child could sleep. Next to it was a door onto a strip of pavement—by prospectus the "back yard"—with two doors opening on it from an L-shaped projection: one to a tiny kitchen which had no equipment in it and none visibly projected; and the other to the bathroom, equivalently bare save for a coping of cement, in the square of which was a round hole in the floor, with convenient blocks to stand on when one squatted over it.

'Water!'

We went to lunch in what seemed to be a room for executives and visitors connected with a central commissary for lesser functionaries—a small, hot, smelly room with a round table. The windows were open and the room was thick with flies—the lazy, sluggish, clinging flies of Egypt. I asked why the windows were not screened, nor any we had seen.—The fellahin, X said, did not like screens. They insisted that in summer screens kept out the air. Even in hospitals, where they were really needed, the patients would remove them or stick their fists through them. He could not say what would be decided about screening Om Saber. Perhaps in time it would be accomplished.

THE TRUCK was waiting at the door when we emerged with another driver and the resident agronomist who would conduct our tour—an informal, friendly man in his middle thirties, absorbed in his project and eager to display it.—What could they grow in Liberation Province?—Why, everything, he said. Shade and orchard trees, oranges and mangoes, nuts and olives; barley, maize, alfalfa; melons and berries and every sort of vegetable. "It's the hidden humus," the Bavarian woman ventured. "Humus!" The expert laughed derisively. That was a silly story that had gotten round. To be sure, there was humus: isolated patches here and there, proving that at some time in the past sections of the desert had been under cultivation. But the humus was seven meters deep beneath the sand and of utterly no use to its present cultivation. Then what? "Water!" he said. "And fertilizers too, both organic and synthetic. And," he added proudly, "knowing how to use them.

"Stop!" he shouted to the driver, who pulled up with a jerk. "Beans." He pointed to the field. "Let's get out and look at them." We had come for half a mile on a straight road from the village, which was in view behind us. The beans, on close inspection, were of noble size and promisingly numerous. Standing in the field I was presently aware of a figure running toward us on the road from the village with flapping galabia, waving a staff and shouting as he ran. We stood and waited for him—a breathless, out-

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raged youth, panting from exertion, his hand pressed to his wildly beating heart, his staff raised to us in a threatening gesture, the expression in his eyes rather shocked than angry. There was talk in Arabic. At first he seemed not to understand or be appeased, but gradually the injury faded from his eyes, succeeded by a doubtful smile. "He didn't recognize me," our guide explained indulgently. "He is the guardian of this particular field and he thought we had no right to touch the beans."

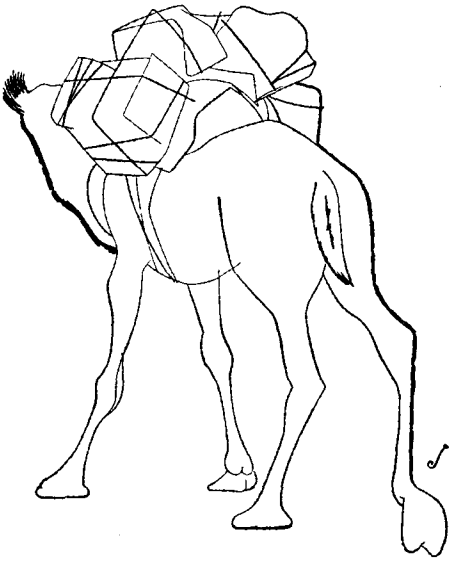
When we drove away the boy still stood by the roadside, his hand pressed to his heart, smiling doubtfully, not thoroughly convinced: a youth of valiant spirit, dedicated, faithful, like a symbol of the future.

Yes, Ordinary Sand

We stopped and stopped again, to sample this and that: potatoes, tomatoes; delicious strawberries, smaller than ours but sweeter, an orchard of mangoes, baby trees as yet, but next year they would bear. There were scarcely any workers to be seen, even in the fields where water trickled in the furrows. Water in the sand! But it was the water of the Nile, loaded with silt from the Ethiopian mountains and the heart of Africa, which, in summer flood, was laid like a rich carpet on the earth.—No, it was not, the expert said with fire in his eye. It was nothing of the sort in Liberation Province. Yes, certainly they used the water of the Nile, where it could be tapped, where canals could bring it. But they were pumping water too from desert wells bored to a depth of 120 feet, water with no trace of Abyssinian silt. "Here!" He stopped the truck. Here was a well and pump.—And were the fields around it any different from those that bordered the canals?—We looked and could observe no difference.

WATER in the sand! Yes, ordinary sand. He brought a handful and held it out to us. It was sand, there was no debating that. But there were different kinds of sand, he said, and they could be recognized with the naked eye by the color of them: white and red and yellow. He stopped to point them out in adjoining fields, and once detected they were easily distinguished. The white was least productive, he explained, and the red the most because of the calcium it contained. But all three would yield alike, with fertilizers adapted to their chemistry. In the end they were all sand.

We drove on through a network of



canals and open conduits lined with concrete slabs to keep the water from leaking out in seepage; thickly bordered with baby trees that would interlace like hedges to protect the channels from sandstorms. In a year or two or three they would be effective ramparts. Here was a nursery where the saplings got their start, acres of infant trees in pots; here a dredger working in a ditch—a giant machine scooping out the channel for a new canal, and from the end of its long crane flinging the sand away to a safe distance. There were seven of these dredgers working day and night in Liberation Province. And here another engine, a monstrous tractor coupled to a scraper, with a tank behind it into which the scrapings poured—nine cubic meters at a single load, to level out the hillocks and the drifts and be spread in the depressions or hauled out of the way. There was a fleet of them—a million dollars' worth—already on the job, and more on the way from factories in America. To an American it was not uniquely startling, not any of it: the village housing, canals and wells and dredgers, nor even reclamation of a barren desert. But a miracle in Egypt, at least in scale and method, and in dedicated purpose.

We were finished with the tour of Om Saber's domain.

The Brick Factory

Our road was north, still broad and surfaced, the fields that bordered it already leveled but bare of vegetation—acres of dazzling sand, beyond which to the east was the green fringe of the Delta, above whose treetops could occasionally be glimpsed the sail of a felucca floating idly in the sky: the desert partly tamed, ready for conversion when the water came to it. And the water was approaching, for now we encountered workers, hundreds of them: pick-and-shovel fellahin spread along the road, digging a canal that paralleled it, and regiments of others unloading lines of trucks of smelly fertilizer, with overseers shouting and directing and rounding up the laggards, who seemed numerous.

Coming into view was a second village, a gray blur in the sand. We would have to turn off to visit it, and by common impulse we declined. Our guardian yielded to us, though with unconcealed regret. At least, he urged, we must not miss the factory where the hollow bricks were made. To this we gave assent, and came at last to a big open structure in which batteries of machines that looked like presses were receiving the wet cement and discharging finished brick, apparently dry and ready to be laid.

While we watched, a whistle blew. The clanking presses stopped and the workers flocked out of the factory. Those who could climbed into trucks, standing packed together as tightly as sardines; but most of them were walking.—Where were they going in the empty desert?—Home, the expert said.—Home? Where was that?—Om Saber, he replied, a walk of several miles.

End of the Day

Returned into the cultivated region, we diverged from the crowded road to circle round Om Saber on the Delta side, overtaking tractors, trucks, and scrapers clattering homeward to a group of substantial buildings on the far side of the village, where there was housing for them and machine shops to maintain them, with a spur track from the

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railway that ran to Alexandria, at the terminus of which would be the village station.

A little farther on, at the edge of the village and across the road from it, was another group of buildings on a less imposing scale: housing for the farm equipment, workshops and the like, and the village power plant. Beyond this area, facing the administrative center across the waste that was to be a park, was a service station in the western style. And for a final touch, adjacent to our luncheon place to which the truck returned us, was a chromium-trimmed machine dispensing Coca-Cola. Nothing seemed omitted from the plan. And everything was there save the ultimate proprietors—the fortunate fellahin who in thirty years, if things worked out on schedule, would take title to this fragment of a brave new world.

AND they were close at hand, approaching on the road—not, to be sure, the selected residents, but their brothers, uncles, fathers—a column of them trudging with their shovels on their shoulders, not quite like marching soldiers, nor yet like homebound workers.

While we waited the arrival of our station wagon, the first battalion came into the square before us, halting on command, spread out in ragged lines facing toward the village, waiting patiently for something. At last, on order of a young man with a staff, they started to come on. But then there was confusion, as someone in a doorway gave a counterorder. Some stopped and some advanced, while the young man ran about, barking sharply at them and gesturing with his staff. And now they all backed up till they stood where they had been, seeming uncertain what was wanted of them but with no sign of impatience or complaint—not doltish-looking men, or on the whole ill-favored.

The Pyramids

The agricultural expert had taken leave of us, but X was still on hand to answer questions.—What were they doing here?—They are finished for the day.—But what were they up to now?—They are coming home from work.—Coming home to where?—To this village where we are.—That was absurd. There were no barracks for them, no kitchen, commissary, scarcely standing room when all of them arrived.

"Ah!" X scratched his head. "Well, some of them will go to the places where they live."—What places? Where?—Their villages, he said, and waved his arm in an expansive gesture. In the Delta there are many.—And they must walk to reach them?—Yes, certainly. But they are not far away.—How far, for example? But he couldn't answer that.—And in the morning they must walk back again from the village to their work?—Well, naturally.—And what were they doing now?—Doing? You can see that they are doing nothing.—Then why didn't they go home? What were they waiting for?—Ah! This seemed a new idea and he turned it in his mind. Perhaps they are waiting to see a motion picture.—This was more absurd. It was still broad daylight; anyway, there was no screen, nothing to suggest a motion picture.—Or maybe, he reflected, they are waiting to be paid.—So that was it, or at least was possible.

BUT I HAD a final question of my own, which had troubled me all day and before the day began: Why did the young man shout at them and herd them with his staff?—He is supposed to tell them what to do.—Yes, that was plain enough. "But"—I took pains to phrase my question—"why are they always being pushed around by anyone with a vestige of authority—policemen, soldiers, minor bureaucrats—and if not immediately responsive, rapped or threatened with a staff? Why do they submit to being pushed around?"—Ah! X wagged his head, confronted, I suspected, with another new idea. Well, they are used to it.

The Indian gentleman spoke softly in my ear. "Their fathers built the pyramids," he said, and climbed into his seat in the waiting station wagon.

The Quality of Granite

We drove away on the road by which the workers were coming to Om Saber: descendant fellahin, no matter how diluted by time and circumstance, of the men who built the pyramids and the monstrous, soulless temples whose monolithic ruins are scattered in the desert from end to end of the valley of the Nile; who chiseled the towering obelisks and columns from the granite quarries of the Aswan cataract, and floated them on barges when the river was in flood, or dragged and set them up—though God knows how—on the many and far places they were destined to embellish; who dug their Pharaohs' tombs in the granite walls of the Valley of the Kings—tunneled stairs and chambers deep within the earth, and in these stifling caverns with no light save flickering torches, carved the histories of their kings and the times in which they lived until every inch of walls and roofs was covered with exquisite hieroglyphs and illustrative sculptures—an incredible accomplishment of inspired toil, unequaled in the history of the human race.

For five thousand years they had themselves retained the quality of granite. Invaders had come and gone making way for new ones, with new religions and techniques of exploitation; the Persians, Greeks and Romans, Byzantines and Arabs, Turks and French and British. But the fellahin survived, clinging like leeches to their narrow homeland of the Nile, faring worse or better as the plunderers' programs shifted—decimated one day to multiply another, never quite extinguished.

Descendants of the men who built the pyramids, engaged at last on a project of their own—the first in fifty centuries: Liberation Province, by and for the fellahin. The end of something endless and beginning of something not yet clearly to be seen, but at least of hopeful portent in the changing world.

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Paris: Revolt In the 'Casbahs'

EDMOND TAYLOR

HALFWAY BETWEEN Montmartre and the stockyards of La Villette in a tangle of squalid streets and prosaically sinister dead ends behind the Boulevard de la Chapelle, there is a real thieves' market held every Saturday by North African immigrants. Tourists do well to avoid it, and normally the Paris police avoid it too. On the muggy afternoon of Saturday, July 30, however, a well-manned police van ventured into the quarter. While the North African residents watched sullenly from the cluttered streets and the doorways and windows of forlorn hotels with cracked plaster façades and flaking, filthy gray paint, the cops arrested two Algerians hawking clothes stolen that morning from a parked car. The thieves yelled for help. A crowd gathered.

Nothing might have happened if it hadn't been for the watermelon. Someone in the crowd snatched it from a fruiterer's stall and flung it at the police van. It hit the driver full in the face, blinding him just as he was shifting into gear. Two North Africans were run down and the whole quarter erupted. The timely arrival of a second police van saved the first, but both squads were showered with stones and bottles all the way back to the precinct station in the Rue Doudeauville, more than a quarter of a mile distant. There some two thousand infuriated North Africans tried to storm the building, demanding the release of their two compatriots. The police barricaded themselves inside and held off the mob with short bursts from submachine guns until reinforcements arrived. Thanks to their exemplary coolness and discipline, casualties remained remarkably low: fifteen policemen seriously injured, ten North Africans hospitalized, a few score walking wounded, no known dead.

Paris has lived through bloodier days in its tumultuous history, but last summer's uprising in the Boulevard de la Chapelle "Casbah" was large enough in scale and familiar enough in pattern to shock the newspaper readers of the capital into realizing that France has a North African problem at home as well as in North Africa. Subsequent disorders among the North Africans of Paris and other French cities have sharpened the lesson. Primarily the problem is social, like the somewhat similar one created by the influx of Puerto Ricans into New York. But it has a political aspect too. It is at once a dangerous complication to France's North African problem and one of the possible keys to its solution.

The Pull of the Cities

Nearly all North African immigrants in France—ninety-five to ninety-nine per cent—are Algerians because the Algerians, as French citizens, can cross the Mediterranean at will without passports or visas. Understandably, nobody knows for sure how many have done it. Official estimates of the number of Algerians now living in France range from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand. Every year about sixty thousand new immigrants arrive while a smaller number return home. Basically the traffic should be good for both France and Algeria. In Algeria as in Puerto Rico the population is growing faster than the number of jobs and the production of food; every year brings approximately 250,000 new mouths to feed. France, on the other hand, needs an increasing labor force for expanding her economy; farmhands particularly are in demand.

But the Algerian immigrants, though few of them have any industrial training and forty per cent cannot speak a word of French, do not want to work on the land. They cheerfully take on the hard, dirty, dangerous jobs that the native French avoid in mines and quarries, foundries and chemical works. They clean slaughterhouses, collect garbage, and unblock sewers. But they want the fat pay checks that are to be found in the industrial Eldorado which the propaganda of the transport companies, boastful letters from friends who have already immigrated, and their own overluxuriant imaginations have built up in their minds. Hence they tend to cluster in the big cities—Marseilles, Lyons, St.-Etienne, Lille, and especially the already congested Paris metropolitan area, where nearly half of them are concentrated.

This concentration is disastrous. Even boom conditions in the French economy cannot absorb such heavy local concentrations of unskilled labor. Some fifty thousand Algerians in the Paris area are unemployed. A few of these live pretty well by Algerian standards on French unemployment insurance, but necessarily they are a minority because to collect the insurance they have to have been employed six months. A few others eke out a living in commerce, domestic service, or fringe activities like selling rugs and smutty postcards to tourists.

The Jobless and the Sick

Because of the acute Paris housing shortage, the great mass of Algerian unemployed in Paris probably live in conditions worse in some ways than those prevailing in the slums of Bagdad or Cairo. How much worse it is hard to tell. What social workers and public-health authorities usually see is tin shacks where families of six or eight persons supported by fairly generous state family allowances live unhygienically but not necessarily unhappily, or almost elegant dormitories with army cots and blankets in disused garages and warehouses where the prosperous class of employed skilled workers often sleep, or sometimes dank, unheated cellars where "sleep merchants" rent verminous heaps of straw in three eight-hour shifts for three thousand francs—almost ten dollars—a month.

I have often seen worse: North Africans—along with other homeless Parisians—without blankets or

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overcoats on the bitter winter nights lying on sidewalks around the tepid subway gratings. French *"clochards"* —tramps—often do the same thing despite the efforts of the Abbé Pierre to get them under shelter. But the tramps don't come from a warm country, are frequently in an alcoholic daze, and are not chilled within by the sense of shame and self-reproach that often afflicts jobless Algerians who have large families to feed back home. North Africans who do have jobs will accept unbelievable living conditions for themselves as long as they can hold their heads high and send impressive amounts to their families; on the average three-fourths of their pay goes back to Algeria.

Municipal health statistics reflect the living conditions of Algerian immigrants here. Though they amount to hardly more than three per cent of the total population of Paris, Algerians occupy 1,032 of the 6,749 beds in the tuberculosis wards of the city's hospitals. Of course only the most advanced cases get to hospitals. The crime rate among the Algerian immigrants is somewhat lower than one might expect under the circumstances, but it is high enough to be troublesome. In the "Casbah" behind the Boulevard de la Chapelle, the Algerians have simply evicted the Corsicans and Marseillais—after a series of bloody gang wars—and taken over the traditional local industries: prostitution, drug peddling, and the thieves' market, founded by G.I. deserters. Immediately after the disorders of last July, the authorities sealed off the district with a cordon of two hundred policemen and checked everyone entering and leaving it. These checks produced an interesting statistic: Of the quarter's five thousand inhabitants, 146 had regular and avowable employment.

The other big North African quarters of Paris are less unsavory. It is fairly safe to stroll around most of them by day. But they are essentially alien and increasingly hostile communities. The difficulties of assimilating them are probably aggravated by the fact that each North African quarter is held together by tribal and family ties based on a regional origin. La Chapelle and other Algerian quarters in the northern part of Paris are inhabited mostly by immigrants from the Department of Constantine, while the Grenelle sector on the Left Bank and the ancient quarter opposite Notre Dame are filled with immigrants from the Department of Oran. Farther east on the Left Bank around the Place d'Italie, most of the people come from the Department of Algiers.

A National Leader

Real community centers knitting together the multiple strands of these lost little worlds are the thousand-odd North African restaurant-cafés of Paris—some of them primitive

night clubs too where immigrants can feed their nostalgia on the wailing songs and writhing dances of their homeland. The North African cafés also serve as neighborhood post offices, and around them have been built up what is probably the most elaborate credit system in the world.

More and more, they are becoming centers of political agitation and indoctrination. For years Communist propagandists have been exploiting them, but since the outbreak of this year's violence in North Africa, agents of different nationalist movements have been most active and successful. In recent weeks French experts on the North African community here have noted a curious new phenomenon: the appearance in cafés and other immigrants' gathering places of proletarian ulemas who seem to operate somewhat as Moslem worker-priests among their compatriots. Usually these ulemas-in-overalls avoid straight politics but carry on a concerted campaign among the immigrants to demand that the imam (high priest) of the Paris mosque, whom they consider too pro-French, be replaced with one from Cairo.

The Algerian slums of Paris illustrate in miniature one of the vital factors in the North African problem—the increasingly important role of mystic pan-Islamism centered in Cairo. "Our real enemies are not the nationalists of Algeria or Morocco," a conservative French political leader remarked to me recently. "They are the revolutionary internationalists of Cairo."

Of course this quip was an oversimplification and perhaps something of an alibi. This does not invalidate the argument advanced by former Premier Pierre Mendès-France and other liberal leaders that the great need in Algeria is for free elections to produce a truly representative Algerian leadership with whom the French can deal. But the growing influence of the Cairo fanatics makes the operation harder to carry out than it sounds.

A case in point is that of Messali Hadj, the fifty-seven-year-old chief extremist of the Algerian national movement, himself an immigrant who starved for a while in Paris slums before becoming a worker in the Renault automobile plant. Messali has spent a large part of his adult life in French jails or forced residence—his status at present. Once a Communist, he has now become a mystic, with a patriarchal beard and flowing Arab robes to symbolize his Koranic orthodoxy. Despite these assets and despite his lifelong campaign for Algerian independence, Messali's influence over the younger Algerian nationalists is steadily waning. He still has a big following among Algerian immigrants in France, however. "The terrorists don't trust Messali any more," I was told by a French expert on Algerian affairs who knows and respects the old revolutionary: "He doesn't hate us enough."

If Only It Is Not Too Late

It is not simply a question of hating or loving France, however. Like other Algerians who have worked

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in France, Messali doubtless knows in his heart that for irrefutable economic reasons France is as necessary to Algeria as North Africa is to France. Last year 165,000 Algerians who had regular jobs in France sent home more than one hundred million dollars—the equivalent of all the cash pay earned by agricultural laborers in Algeria itself. With its constantly expanding population, already nine millions, Algeria would starve if immigration to France were cut off. No nationalist leader who ever has been an immigrant is likely to forget this, however embittered he may be by the misery, neglect, and exploitation he has suffered.

For all these reasons, the plight of the Algerian immigrants packed in the stifling transplanted *medinas* of Paris—the social and economic key to such explosions of hatred as the riots in the thieves' market last summer—is more than a municipal problem. For several years, Catholic welfare organizations have been devoting a sizable portion of their inadequate budgets to helping North African immigrants, not only from Christian charity but because they realize that rationally and humanely organized immigration could act as a much-needed psychological bridge between France and North Africa.

THANKS to the shock of last July's riots, the government, prodded into action by Minister of the Interior Maurice Bourgès-Maunoury, has finally awakened to the same possibility. Under his chairmanship an interministerial committee with the participation of private welfare organizations was set up a few weeks ago to develop and co-ordinate programs for training schools and labor exchanges for North African immigrants, building emergency housing for them, and launching other needed reforms. A special effort is being made to overcome the reluctance of immigrants to work on the land. This program, intended to complement the Soustelle Plan for the economic development of Algeria itself, is still in its infancy. But at least it is an indication that French energy, generosity, and imagination are at last rising to the real challenge of North Africa.

The Perilous Delusion Of Security

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

IT SEEMS that at last something is being done about the security program. Former Senator Harry Cain, now a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board, has denounced the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations; the Attorney General himself has come up with some "helpful" procedural changes, such as making charges as specific as possible and improving the caliber of the security boards; the Supreme Court has made a ruling on the subject of procedural defects; and the White House is expected to announce any day now the names of those who will serve on the bipartisan commission that was set up by Congress to review the whole business.

But there has been dissatisfaction with the operation of the loyalty-security program ever since its inception, and eight years of criticism, reconsideration, and tinkering have not produced improvements. So even if reforms do emerge from whatever agonizing reappraisal is now to be attempted, it is unlikely that anything very positive will result.

For the real difficulty is not with the particular provisions of the various security laws and regulations, complex and meaningless as many of them are; not with the machinery, faulty and even outrageous as it is; and not with the administration, which in the very nature of the thing cannot be much better than it is. The real difficulty is with the system itself, or with the philosophy behind the system. The time has come to contemplate not particular reforms but whether the system is susceptible to reform.

For such a re-evaluation we may apply three tests: the test of the Constitution and of the law, the test of history and of experience, and the test of actual results.

The Test of Law

The security system as a whole has not yet been subjected to judicial scrutiny. The Bailey case never elicited a Supreme Court opinion; the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee case was decided on narrow technical grounds; and the Peters case turned on the issue of the abuse of authority by the Loyalty Review Board rather than on the more fundamental question of the Constitutionality of the authority itself. But the security program is open to challenge on many counts:

¶ It violates the presumption of innocence until proof of guilt.

¶ It violates the doctrine that guilt is personal and cannot be found on the basis of associations.

¶ It violates the principle that guilt is for acts and deeds, not something to be inferred from intentions

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which are themselves inferred from speech or association.

¶ It fails to provide the accused the rights of elementary due process—the right to be informed of charges, the right to counsel, the right to confront accusers and to cross-examine witnesses.

¶ In effect it violates the guarantee against attainder and the prohibition of double jeopardy.

¶ In effect it constitutes ex post facto legislation, punishing for conduct that was not criminal at the time it occurred.

These are important matters; they are also technical. The courts are rightly reluctant to thrust themselves into the administrative process, or to apply judicial standards to the administrative or the political realm.

What is important here, however, is not the technical question of Constitutionality but the larger question of wisdom and justice. In our Constitutional system a great many things are permissible that are neither wise nor just. In the last analysis we must look not to the courts but to our own sense of propriety, dignity, and justice. We must not expect courts to save us if we are not prepared to save ourselves. What is clear is that a body of practices that violate and even revolt the common sense of justice is bad, and that to accept such practices because they are technically within the competence of Congress or the Executive is in a sense to compound evil.

THERE IS one aspect of this issue, however, that does require attention because it seems so widely misunderstood. It is misunderstood in part because of a glib cliché—the argument that no one can complain about being fired from a government job because working for the government is not a right but a privilege. Here is one of those delusive statements which imply much more than they say. Perhaps working for the government *is* a privilege rather than a right—it is not clear that this principle will help us to build up a good civil service—but that is not the issue. Dismissal on arbitrary grounds or denial of work on arbitrary grounds is not part of the privilege of working for government. One might say that to work in a particular factory is not a right, but factory workers have a right not to be fired because they are members of a union. To teach in a university is not a right, but teachers who have tenure can enforce rights against arbitrary dismissal. The issue is not the right to work. The issue is the power to deny work on arbitrary or discriminatory grounds. That is a very different question, and one that is not to be answered by resort to a cliché. As Justice William O. Douglas has observed, "Of course no one has a Constitutional right to a government job, but every citizen has a right to a fair trial when his government seeks to deprive him of the privilege of first-class citizenship."

The Test of History

Let us turn to the second test of the wisdom of our current policy—the test of history. It may be objected that our history throws very little light on this problem, first because the current security program is *sui generis*, and therefore does not yield to historical analogies, and second because the crisis we now face is unprecedented, and thus historical precedents are irrelevant or misleading. Neither of these contentions is valid.

Actually the security program is not so different from those of earlier days as to be exempt from comparison. And actually the crisis of today, grave as it doubtless is, is no graver than the crises of earlier days seemed to those who lived through them.

Twice before we have experimented with something like the current security program. One occasion was

during the Civil War and Reconstruction. In that troubled era the Union government employed Congressional investigations of loyalty and required oaths of loyalty from even its minor administrative officers. Lincoln looked upon the whole business with deep skepticism; Johnson rejected it as worse than useless. In the end the oaths failed of all their purposes—failed to identify loyalty and to discover disloyalty, failed to speed victory and to facilitate Reconstruction. In the North the oaths came to be condemned; in the South they were of necessity evaded or flouted. The state laws designed to implement them were voided by the courts.

MORE ILLUMINATING for our purposes is the experience of the ante-bellum South with the institution of slavery. "The peculiar institution," as Southerners called it, was the very cornerstone of Southern society and economy. Yet it was under heavy attack from all quarters. In the face of these attacks Southerners closed ranks. They insisted that slavery, far from being merely a necessary evil, was a positive good—and they made this view official. Not content with celebrating a pro-slavery philosophy, they undertook to silence criticism and critics of the institution and to impose an artificial unity. They took over control of the mails, usurping national powers in this area. They succeeded in imposing a "gag rule" on Congress for some years, in contempt of the Constitutional privilege of petition. They effectively controlled the press, the pulpit, and the schoolroom in the South, and on occasion the courtroom as well. They drove out teachers who raised awkward questions about slavery, burned books that discussed the institution critically, mobbed Yankees caught with "incendiary" literature—that is, literature critical of slavery—and denied the most elementary rights of a free trial to those suspected of agitating the slavery question.

A prominent North Carolina politician spoke for them in the campaign of 1856: "The expression of Black Republican principles in our midst is incompatible with our honor and safety as a people. Let our schools and seminaries of learning be scrutinized and if Black Republicans be found in them, let them be driven out."

The Test of Results

It may be said that the test of law and the test of history are not conclusive, since the situation may have changed and fresh solutions may be required. But let us turn to the test of actual results and see what the

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consequences of the security system have been.

Fortunately for us, our national security does not depend on the so-called security program. Even the program's most uncritical admirers would scarcely argue that the United States lacked internal security until 1947. We have always had a security system. We require an oath of loyalty from all officeholders, and obviously any violation of that oath is punishable. We have had in recent years many additional safeguards—for example, the Hatch Act of 1939, which denies civil-service jobs to anyone who belongs to a subversive organization. As for actual sedition or sabotage, there are perhaps a hundred laws on the Federal statute books—including such laws as the Defense Secrets Act of 1911 and the Espionage Act of 1917—designed to take care of all conceivable contingencies.

WHAT the new security system did was to add to all these an elaborate machinery not for closer judgment but for prejudgment, entering the realm of thoughts, associations, intentions, and intuitions. The very name is a fraud. It is not a "security system." It is not even a system. It is an incoherent effort to make intuitive forecasts about the interaction of intangible qualities of character on unforeseeable events on the basis of miscellaneous information and misinformation haphazardly applied and maliciously interpreted.

Predicting behavior is difficult at best. Elaborate efforts to define the characteristics that make a civil servant subject to suspicion as a security risk – such as those embalmed in President Eisenhower's Executive Order 10450, which listed about seventy—get us nowhere. For in one sense every man and woman is a security risk. Who can tell, after all, what he would do under strain? Who can be completely sure that his employment in government is, as Order 10450 says it must be, "clearly consistent with the interests of national security"? To feel sure of that requires not only an understanding of national security vouchsafed to no man but a degree of vanity that is itself excessive and therefore risky.

The basic trouble here—and it is part of the larger problem of loyalty and security—is that the whole concept of the present program is intuitive rather than objective. There are ways of judging whether an individual can add and subtract, whether he can drive a truck or fire a rifle or pilot a plane. But is it really possible to determine whether a man is going to turn out to be a good or a bad "security risk"?

Where Are All the Traitors?

What, finally, shall we say of the operation of the present security system? Has it uncovered hosts of traitors, Communists, and subversives? The "numbers game" with which we have been edified was designed to make us believe just that. But there is no evidence to support this allegation of achievement. If the government has in fact discovered numbers of real subversives, it has been singularly chary about advertising the fact.

A report on the operation of the system under President Truman shows that not a single foreign agent or saboteur or traitor was uncovered. Out of more than three million persons checked, only 542 were found to be unfit for office, according to the terms of the program; of these, 204 were later restored to duty. According to Chairman Conrad Snow of the State Department Loyalty Board, not one Communist or spy was discovered in that much maligned department.

But perhaps the Truman Administration was lax, as the Republicans charged. When they took office they were going to make security hum—and they did. Soon we read of "security risks" being rooted out not by the hundred but by the thousand. Yet even with all that vigor, the percentage of suspects discovered remained smaller than the percentage of Congressmen actually found guilty of crimes in the last four Congresses. The most recent figures from Civil Service Commissioner Philip Young are equally unimpressive—and equally ambiguous. 2,300,000 Federal employees, he tells us, have been investigated. 37,450 have been let go for all causes, and of these, 11,625 have been designated security risks. So far no specific charges have been brought against any of these. Indeed, to the best of my knowledge, the security system has not yet turned up a single traitor, a single spy, or a single subversive, at least not one the government was prepared to bring to trial.

IT IS THIS barrenness of results that the historian of the future will find the most perplexing feature of the whole loyalty-security program. Historians are now inclined to be astonished at the excitement over "bleeding Kansas" in the 1850's, and to ask what all the shouting was about. How could Southerners and Northerners alike work themselves into something like hysteria over such an artificial issue? But will not the historian of the future conclude that our generation worked itself into hysteria over an issue equally artificial? Was the civil service actually honeycombed with treason or subversion? Was the State Department run by foreign agents, and did they betray American interests? Did scientists sabotage our scientific development so that we fell behind in the scientific race? Were the schools shot through and through with subversion? Were the movies and the radio and TV channels perverted by subtle Communist propaganda? These are the questions the historian will ask. I think his answer will be "Nonsense!"

But let us ask broader questions. Perhaps it is true that the security program has not detected criminals engaged in subversive acts, but has it erected higher standards of loyalty to government and to nation? Has it given to the government a firmer and more wholesome tone? Has it operated as a magnet to attract first-rate men and women into a government service now guaranteed pure? The questions answer themselves.

Because our "security system" has not brought us a sense of security it is perfectly natural that there should emerge a new security test—the test of loyalty to the loyalty system itself. This was one of the tests applied to J. Robert Oppenheimer, and it counted heavily against him that he did not believe in the kind of loyalty program that eventually declared him a security risk.

NO MEN are exempt from suspicion. Very few of our great leaders of the past could survive the

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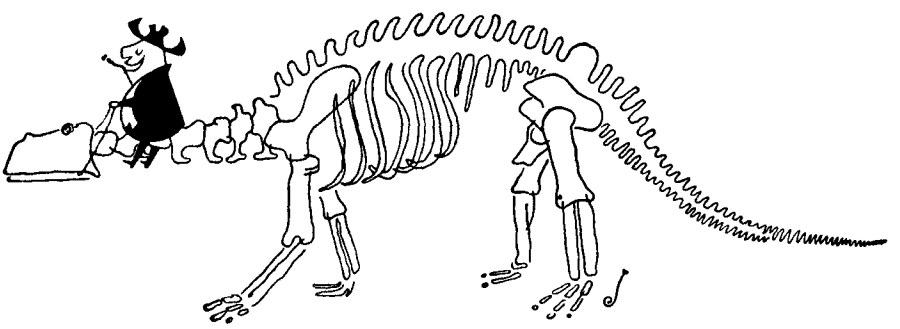
security tests of our time—the tests of association, for example, or of membership in subversive organizations. Not Washington, surely, for he not only consorted with Benedict Arnold but praised him and promoted him to positions of trust. Not Jefferson, for he associated not only with Aaron Burr but with incendiaries of the French Revolution, and, what is more, he advocated the overthrow of government by force and violence. Not Madison, for he in turn associated with Jefferson, with that alien Gallatin, and with the Jacobin clubs. Not Hamilton, for quite aside from his foreign birth and his association with foreigners, his private life alone made him an obvious security risk; he was not only susceptible to blackmail (that is enough nowadays) but he was actually blackmailed. Of all the Founding Fathers perhaps only John Adams led a blameless life, though in his day his defense of the British soldiers who participated in the Boston Massacre was regarded pretty much as a legal defense of the Rosenbergs is regarded today.

The security system, then, has not brought security but insecurity. It has not enhanced administrative or political competence but destroyed it. It has demoralized much of governmental operations abroad. It has set department against department within the government. It has distracted high officials from the most urgent problems of politics into time- and energy-consuming investigations of potential security risks. It has been made a football of party politics. It has offended our standards of due process and impaired our sense of justice. It has brought us disrepute abroad and confusion and chaos at home.

Render Unto Caesar . . .

There is a further and grave objection to the security program—that it inevitably dramatizes and inflames chauvinistic nationalism. It is unnecessary to rehearse here the role that competitive nationalism has played in the encouragement of militarism in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, or the essential importance of mitigating its ravages and developing other loyalties than those to nations alone. But almost inevitably the security program creates an atmosphere in which citizens are encouraged to compete in ostentatious manifestations of national patriotism. As the program discourages joining international or peace associations, it encourages joining "patriotic" associations; one way of proving that you are a good security risk is to be vocal and aggressive about your patriotism. By giving support to the notion that internationalism is in some curious way un-American, the program tends to support some of the most dangerous forces in American life today.



The security program likewise contributes to the growth of the Leviathan state. The wise men who fabricated our Constitutional system gave careful thought to the great question of the scope and limits of governmental authority. To the government they gave ample powers to do all those things which government must do if the nation was to be secure and prosperous. They recognized at the same time that there were some things that must be placed wholly outside the realm of governmental authority. Here it was not a question of more or less power but of no power. In a broad way the things they tried to place wholly beyond the authority of government were those having to do with the communication of ideas—control over religion, speech, press, assembly, petition, and so forth. The Founding Fathers knew that government should not and must not operate in these fields, because if it did it might impair not only precious personal rights but the capacity of government itself to meet the crises that were bound to arise in the future.

In our day it is becoming increasingly difficult to restrain government within traditional limits. Many of us are rightly disturbed about the growth of governmental power and especially of the power of the Federal government. Most of us, however, appear to be disturbed by the wrong manifestations of governmental authority—by those in the realm which government must of necessity occupy if it is to perform its duties. The real danger is not that the state may come to exercise too much power in the realm of unemployment relief or agricultural development or hydroelectric power but that it may come to exercise any power at all in the realm of the communication of ideas.

Thus Texans, notoriously hostile to invasion of their sovereignty by the Federal government and ready to die at a new Alamo for states' rights to tidelands oil, are ready enough to adopt the Attorney General's list as a valid test for speakers, for textbooks, or for other local activities and interests. Communities that are prepared to allow some Federal office or official to set standards for reading, for teaching, for libraries, or for associations are communities that have lost the instinct for self-government.

THE DEFECTS of the security program are not merely mechanical. The program is not really susceptible to improvement, and the much-touted improvements recently introduced by the Attorney General are a palpable fraud. The vices of the program are deep, pervasive, and irremediable. It is time we recognized this fact and returned to those traditional methods which served us well for a hundred and fifty years—reliance on the law, experience, and common sense, and faith in the virtue and integrity of our fellow citizens.

If we have lost that faith, we have lost everything. No program will save us, and we don't even deserve to be saved.

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Back to Nature With Two Cars

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

WESTPORT, EXURBIA

WITH THE RISE of the social sciences the work of dissecting American society, once performed by spirited anatomists ranging from de Tocqueville to H. L. Mencken, has fallen more and more into the hands of armies of Ph.D.s swarming over their patient with questionnaires and psychological Geiger counters. Their resulting treatises, in which such terms as "new frontiers" and "social dynamics" recur very often (I recently also read something about "Evolving Responses in a Suburban In-Group"), are massive and not always sprightly.

The deployment of so many earnest professionals over the American scene has lately produced a new response in the form of a number of bright, independent spirits who also want to have a go of their own at the patient, if only with a cleaver, and who in any case can write. Leo Rosten, himself a Ph.D.-*New Yorker* split personality, has anatomized the Hollywood in-group; Russell Lynes of *Harper's* the tastes of the "middlebrow"; William H. Whyte, Jr., of *Fortune* the occupational attitudes of business executives and their wives. Now comes A. C. Spectorsky, a new figure on the sociological landscape, with a devastating tract on a species of unique significance entitled *The Exurbanites* (Lippincott, $3.95).

Who are the exurbanites, and who is Mr. Spectorsky? Mr. Spectorsky, first of all, was until recently an exurbanite himself, but he has since mended his ways—mindful perhaps of S. J. Perelman's celebrated dictum that "Next to drinking brandy before breakfast, the most fatal mistake a man can commit is to isolate himself in the country"—and now lives back in Manhattan as an NBC television editor. This makes him an ex-exurbanite.

THE EXURBANITES are not to be confused with the suburbanites. They are refugees from New York City who have retreated to an area where they could not possibly look like suburbanites. Not for them the rows of jerry-built split-levels and treeless 60 x 100-foot lots on which the residents of Hicksville and outer Stamford erect barbecues and go through the motions of being rural. The exurbanites are out for the real thing. They are a special tribe, numbering some tens of thousands, who over the past decade or two have pioneered beyond suburbia and settled an accessible greenbelt that extends in an arc from the "better areas" of Long Island's North Shore through Westport, Connecticut, and northern Westchester and Rockland Counties astride the Hudson River around to the bluestone outposts of Bucks County across the Pennsylvania line.

At least it *was* a greenbelt. In taking up land in it in such numbers, the exurban escapists are of course

themselves in the process of converting it into more split-level country, complete with thruways and city water. Exurbia is a transitional borderland, already doomed at the moment of its highest efflorescence. Yet its denizens momentarily live a charmed existence, somewhat like that of the equites of Rome who built their retreats in Pompeii before the fall-out of Vesuvius. Mr. Spectorsky catches and observes them at this poignant moment of their social history.

They have not become actual countrymen, of course. The vast majority have to catch the 8:12 into New York no less than the dwellers of the Oranges and White Plains. A high proportion of them—and much of Spectorsky's analysis hangs on this—are exemplars of the highly organized and centralized New York advertising, book-publishing, promoting, public-relations, telecommunications, entertainment, magazine-writing, and related industries. They say they want to get out of the rat race they are in. ("We haven't any goddam roots," is the familiar refrain of one about to become an exurbanite.) Yet they are also acutely conscious of the need of maintaining their place in that race. They want to lunch with their peers at the Barberry Room and then after hours drive a tractor over the brow of their own hill.

Thoreau-backs

The exurbanite retreats into a hideaway saltbox in Fairfield or a clam-digger's preserve on the North Shore or a little gem of a $50,000 farm beyond New Hope and thinks of himself as a free man of the land or a weekend Thoreau, restoring his family at the founts of nature while he himself hustles fifty miles into New York every morning and returns from his haunts after dark just in time to kiss the children goodnight and down three quick martinis before a belated dinner. He is not wholly of the city any more, nor does he really belong to the country. He lives in a kind of alternating daylight-nighttime limbo in which he keeps telling himself that he is getting the best features of both. Actually he is getting a twice-a-day shock as he transfers every morning and night at high speed to a wholly different environment and climate. But he persists in his dream of being a part-time sylvan life-adjuster, and buys himself a thousand-dollar custom-built fence to shore it

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up. This in turn means that he must at all costs get a raise, which involves missing no trick in town. His tension rises. He becomes a classic embodiment of the split personality. I know him well. I've only recently moved out to Westport myself.

Why do we do it? Why should urban people following more or less urbane pursuits with a natural habitat in mid-Manhattan take to the open country, where land is $3,500 an acre and where two cars are mandatory? Mr. Spectorsky, who once did it too, sets forth a theory that most of us are "symbol-manipulators"—i.e., clever fellows from writers of TV jingles on up—who are filled with an urge to emulate honest-to-goodness "thing-manipulators," namely the broad-beamed chaps who actually produce the cars, the tools, and the refrigerators that make the wheels go around. They, in the process of their power, naturally accumulate country estates, and often the Black Angus cattle to go with them. We can't afford the cattle, and wouldn't know what to do with them if we had them, but we go through the symbolic exercise of erecting a split-rail fence for them nonetheless.

Drunk with Power (Tools)

I think Mr. Spectorsky has something here. We are at bottom idea men with a bad conscience. We want

to get away from it all and at the same time become regular fellows. What might the late Thomas Mann, the classic portraitist of the misplaced intellectual, have done with us, had he ever examined Madison Avenue, Fairfield County, and the 8:12! "Ah, to be like you!" I read again the other day in his little masterpiece, *Tonio Kröger,* at the point where the successful writer gazes with envy upon the full-blooded, untroubled young crowd dancing at the Baltic Sea resort. I translate freely: "I stand between two worlds, and am at home in neither. This makes my life somewhat difficult. The true artists call me just another bourgeois middlebrow, and as for the middlebrows, they're out to make things hard for me . . ." But Thomas Mann is gone and we are left with Mr. Spectorsky, who rolls up his sleeves, throws his patient upon the operating table, sharpens his sociological hatchet on his bootstrap, and digs in.

He knows us, this Thorstein Veblen of the Psychosomatic Belt. He spots our identifying markings, from the high-powered sports cars in which the most substantial of us hurry off to the station to the quaint old hitching posts we erect at the point of our nightly return. He might have pointed out that both the sports cars and the hitching posts are also part of our world of manorial make-believe. He knows our stigmata, too: our need to accumulate power mowers, power saws, and patios wired with hi-fi systems as aids in our return to nature; our compulsion also to do things for which we are usually wholly unfitted, such as relaxing from a grueling week at the office by hauling granite boulders to build a retaining wall with our own softened hands. Another analyst might have suggested that activity like this shows evident masochistic traces and a latent hostility toward our new surroundings, expressed in a desire to punish ourselves for what we've gotten ourselves into.

Ex-Bankroll

Usually, however, the sheer financial cost is punishment enough in itself. A few dream-laden migrants to exurbia whom I know maintain that they were originally impelled to make the great jump because they had heard one could live more cheaply out here. The truth usually sinks in after the first wild flush of possession followed by the first collapse of the absolutely guaranteed septic-tank system. The children, who were supposed to take happily to the ozone-filled woods after school hours ("roots" again), clamor for dancing classes, big-time birthday parties, movies, and even excursions to benighted New York. ("Alice can go in to take in a museum and the circus. Why can't we?") A recurrent image I carry around with me is that of a rising commercial artist busy nearby at his easel drawing a popular-magazine cover of a happy, typical American family at home (young wife busy at her gleaming washer-drier, husband in lumberjack shirt

and pipe in mouth at his rumpus-room power lathe, children romping over the immaculate new lawn) while he himself bites his pipestem and wonders how in heaven's name he is ever going to be able to balance his own annual family budget out here.

This particular young artist will probably make the grade, though. His covers are so fetching that he is already almost on the verge of climbing into the $20,000 class, and if he keeps up his smiling exuberance in paint he may soon hit $30,000, in which case we shall probably find him adding a swimming pool. But he must not lag; he must not turn aside from his stint, tell his agent to go to hell for a month, and try to paint that serious picture for his own pleasure that has been on his mind ever since he left that old garret on West Tenth Street. He must keep up—not with the Joneses, necessarily, but with himself. At one point he will wake up and make the astounding discovery that he himself is Jones. His audience of millions is trying to keep up with him.

EXURBIA isn't just any old place to live. It carries status and has a mission. As Mr. Spectorsky points out, it has become the national capital of the symbol-manipulators. "These people, God save us all," he sums up, "set the styles, mold the fashions, and populate the dreams of the rest of the country. What they do will be done, a few weeks or months later, by their counterparts in Lake

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Forest and Santa Barbara and on the Main Line. . . . What they tell us to buy, by God, we buy. . . ." The Man from Schweppes (dashingly a little different) is to be seen boarding our evening train at Grand Central. The Man in the Hathaway Shirt is an exurbanite. The estates of Roy E. Larsen, president of Time Inc., and of Gardner Cowles, editor of *Look*, are equidistant from my small house in the exurban woods. The Henry Luces, formerly resident in Greenwich (which, under the Spectorsky classification, has become mere *crowded suburbia*), have moved up into our out-class by taking up a few hundred acres in remotest Ridgefield.

Exurbanites, Unite!

There may be grounds for reflection in the thought that the purveyors of dreams to America are themselves inhabitants of a splendidly scenic but increasingly encumbered dream world, doomed to pass. Still, residence in exurbia brings with it certain responsibilities along with distinct opportunities. One feels one's self in the heartland. The minor exurbanite, hurrying into the city with manuscript or advertising layout or portfolio in hand, meets his nodding acquaintance, the very important exurbanite, on the 8:12. If he is smart, he corrals his man. (Mr. Spectorsky is good on the business of corraling your betters on the train and making a captive audience of, say, Mr. Larsen.) Ideas are tossed about. Editorial positions are hammered out as the train passes Stamford. An advertising campaign that may revolutionize American dental care is developed before we reach 125th Street. The interplay is exhilarating. Simple suburbia never had it like this. I wouldn't miss it for the world.

I think, in short, that Mr. Spectorsky is inclined to be a trifle superior at our expense. He knows us, but he didn't stick it out. He had his fling out here, but then he fell back into what we call the fleshpots. He says we have escaped the oppressiveness of the city only to subject ourselves to a far more persuasive structure of conformity out here. Could be. But he overlooks the rugged individualism of getting into jeans and building your own terrace—even if your neighbors are also building terraces. He says that our city-bred wives, stuck here on their acres all day long with no relief but the second car, the country club, the P.T.A., and, in certain instances, a nip from the bottle, are often bored to tears by this experiment in pioneer luxury living. But I know one who seems completely happy when just thinking of her next year's garden. Perhaps Mr. Spectorsky just doesn't like dreams and gardens.

I AM WRITING this under the full autumn glory of my hard-earned maples, and I think Mr. Spectorsky is missing something. I'll never have as many maples as Mr. Larsen over the hill, but even so . . .

CHANNELS:

The Fallacy of Quantity

MARYA MANNES

ANYONE interested in isolating the elements of good and bad in television should see a rehearsal of a big production. Specifically I learned why the good in television is not better by watching the first "Omnibus" of the season rehearsing for three hours in a bare loft.

This "Omnibus," called "The Birth of Modern Times," was wholly devoted to an examination of the Renaissance. Robert Coughlan of *Life* magazine wrote the original script, the preparation of which took sixteen weeks; the cast of seventy-eight included such stars as Charlton Heston of the movies and Betsy von Furstenberg from Broadway, and the

company had rehearsed 2,703 actor-hours by opening time three Sundays ago. A little Puerto Rican boy actor who sat next to me said, "Do you know this cost $150,000?" Although this has not been confirmed, I can well believe it.

My first impression at the rehearsal was perhaps the hardest to define, although it goes to the core of all television weakness. I think I would call it the diffusion of waste—waste of time, waste of people, waste of money. All rehearsals involving many scenes and many extras are, I know, amorphous; but in the theater certainly, and in the best moviemaking, there is a ritual and a discipline that I found absent here. There was an aggressive slackness throughout the company (and I believe this is typical) that bordered on indifference, and very little of the cohesive tension that characterizes a unified project. "We may be actors," they seemed to say, "but it's not written in our contract that we must have pride in the fact."

In the ultimate TV performance, talent and competence emerged from the group, now unrecognizable in wig and velvet. I mention their rehearsal attitudes merely as an indication of a state I suspect is chronic in a medium so new and so rich that it has bred a sprawling and makeshift society, without those disciplines which tradition and thrift impose on creative expression—usually for its good. Nowhere is the fallacy of quantity more evident than in Spectaculars and panoramas that pretend to widen the screen while in fact they limit vision. And while this particular "Omnibus" far excelled them in taste, it suffered from the same fallacy.

Part of it—more people, more jobs

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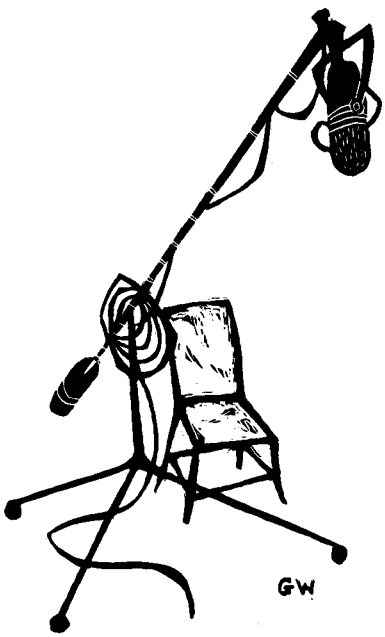
—was noticeable in the rehearsal.

Clutter and Crowds

Apart from director, technical director, and choreographer, there seemed a plethora of assistant assistants exerting their small powers. They confirmed a long-held feeling that the medium in all its aspects, from ad agency to administration, is cluttered with expensive and expendable human digits who expand the budget while they shrink the product.

As the rehearsal proceeded, two other suspicions ripened into conviction. One was that the scenes containing two or at most three people were the most effective, and the crowd scenes the least so.

This was in part due to the clear and literate script of Robert Coughlan, who knows what he writes about, and in part to the fine presence and diction of Charlton Heston as Niccolò, the "universal man," and such lesser names as Peter Donat as Botticelli. But the crowd scenes, rehearsed between the yellow tape lines of camera angles, were ludicrous jumbles of bodies performing actions in two feet of space which demanded ten. Even on screen, elaborately and faithfully costumed and carefully "patterned," these street scenes and carnivals were diffuse and ineffective, and I am sure an imaginative mind could have conjured up a Florentine street with four figures and an atmosphere of sensual riot with two.



Once again, TV is primarily not the crowd. This is its limitation and its strength. The writer, the actor, the dancer: These and these alone will make it great, and no amount of "production" is worth a cent without them and the co-ordinating genius of one man.

So the good things in the "Omnibus" rehearsal were the good things in the performance on television: the relaxed, astute, and humorous commentary of the fifteenth-century Niccolò (and Heston was a brilliant choice for the part) and those moments in which Coughlan the writer becomes most eloquent.

It is all to the good when millions of people can hear a song composed by Lorenzo de' Medici played by the Pro Musica Antiqua and see Michelangelo's "David."

And it has always been to the good that they can learn some art and some history, however fragmented, from a man who looks and speaks as if they were part of his own knowledge and being: Alistair Cooke. But if the TV Workshop of the Ford Foundation learns anything from its own rehearsals, it will go slow on panoramas of space and time or merit the descriptive tag put on "Omnibus" by *TV Guide* (quite without critical intent, I am sure) of "Cultural Variety."

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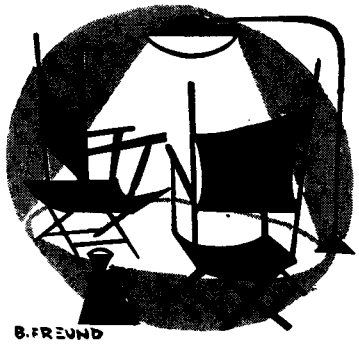
The Abuse of Emotion

A play by one of TV's most talented playwrights, Reginald Rose (he wrote *Almanac of Liberty* and *Twelve Angry Men*), highlighted two more elements injurious, I believe, to the worth of television. I say two, but they are in fact one, for I mean the stimulation of intense emotion without a resolution.

Time and again I have been excited by the potentialities of a given hour-long drama only to be left empty and cheated of memory or meaning. Even so able a writer as Rose indulges in it. In this instance it was a play called *The Expendable House*, and it started off with a theatrically magnificent idea: An unhappy young soldier detailed to an atom-bomb test in the desert decides to end his life by staying in the dummy house—"the typical American home"—devised by the Army to



test blast effects. There he waits, in the company of a dummy husband, a dummy wife, and a dummy boy, rigidly placed in "typical" positions. It is a gruesome premise, fairly trembling with implications and possibilities.

BUT WHAT HAPPENS? In the G.I.'s tormented mind the dummies turn into his own family, and we are subjected to a series of scenes, all too familiar on television, in which people of no control and less intelligence scream, sob, rant, plead, and collapse, all for the love of a young man who, any way you look at it, is a psychopathic heel. After a few of these flashbacks, the realization that he is indeed a heel (yet not, for some unspecified reason, really responsible for his acts) impels the soldier to escape the doomed house and rejoin his company in its trench a safe distance away; and we last see his face irradiated and calmed by the explosion. Unfair, Mr. Rose, and very, very unlikely.

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Better News

Having thus examined the flaws in a great medium, I think it only fair to alert you to some of its finest programs this year, old and new: CBS's "Talkaround," the first really stimulating show using young people; the same network's "Adventure," still the best natural-history documentary; and "Face the Nation," a better and less acrid "Meet the Press"—all on Sundays. Eric Sevareid, always rewarding, has an expanded Sunday commentary. And watch for anything out of the Salomon ("Victory at Sea") stable at NBC in the "Project 20" series, notably "Nightmare in Red," due November 13.

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A Lion In the Garden

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

PARIS

WHEN William Faulkner came to Paris on a State Department mission, he might have known what he was letting himself in for. But anyone who took a good look at him at cocktail parties, receptions, and press conferences could have no doubt that Faulkner was in worse trouble than he had anticipated.

His most grueling ordeal was the Gallimard cocktail party. The publishing house is on the Rue de l'Université, and its large paneled rooms open onto a lawn with three trees—one of the famous secret gardens of Paris. Behind this eighteenth-century elegance the firm runs a greedy monopoly over most of the best French authors of the day.

When Faulkner arrived at precisely six o'clock, there was no one to greet him. The Gallimards—there is a whole family of them—were still upstairs. He found himself with three journalists and a photographer who, like the guest of honor, happened to come on time. They were lucky; in a few minutes four hundred people would be there. For the moment they had the hero to themselves.

At first sight the man is not impressive. But there is something unbending and strong, peasantlike, in the way he holds himself. He speaks very quietly, and he makes no sudden gestures. He looks like the kind of man who gets along well with animals and children.

The newspaper people approached him reverently: "Mr. Faulkner," they would begin. And immediately they would run into a wall, that famous wall about which Paris had been talking for days but in which no one really believed until he faced it. It is built of the most exquisite but the most obdurate politeness—the special politeness we in France think of as the attribute of certain Americans brought up in the South. When you come up against it you find yourself gently pushed back to an immense distance from William Faulkner.

Try it yourself. Ask him a question. He leans toward you, he listens to you, he answers "Yes" or "No," and then he takes a step backward. It is that step backward which seems so tragic. After forcing him to retreat—each question a step—even the hardiest newspapermen give up.

Yet the three reporters tried it one after the other. They were there to bring back a story, after all, but when they reached the wall, they gave up.

"To think that I have the sound truck outside, and all for nothing!" the radio man said, as if he were saying, "I have the Cross and the nails outside." The reporters were sorry for the radio man. Back in the office they could always cook up something to write.

The photographer took a last shot. Faulkner was left with a young woman. He asked for a bourbon. He is different with women, probably because he likes them and is not afraid of them. Women do not attack him with mechanical or intellectual gadgets; women, like Faulkner, are more inclined to feel like displaced persons. Also he had his bourbon. He is very fond of bourbon.

THE PERFORMANCE began. The entire Gallimard clan descended upon him with one smile and a half dozen tentacles. The society women trooped in. The hunt was on. After an hour of it, Faulkner had retreated as far as he could go. He was standing at the far end of the garden, beneath the tree with the heaviest foliage, backed up against the wrought-iron barrier.

From time to time in the brilliantly lighted reception rooms, someone would put down a glass, refuse a sandwich, and plunge out into the darkness of the garden. Two minutes later he would be back again, in dismay: "It's appalling! I can't watch it; it's like seeing someone being tortured."

A lady who arrived late took a few sips and then set her drink down, proclaiming, "And now I am going out to put a few questions to our dear, our great Faulkner." The others watched her proceed down the graveled path of the garden. Half a minute later she returned: "It's cold out there beneath the trees." Her voice was not the same.

Yes, it was chilly out there for those accustomed to being enthusiastically greeted as soon as they say they are on a newspaper and smiled at as soon when they mention the author's work—for those who thrive on interminable literary chatter among people belonging to the same world even though they have never read a word written by the genius.

There is no use looking at Faulkner. You must read him. To someone who has read him, Faulkner has given all that he has, and he knows it. Then one can understand that when he keeps saying "I am a farmer," or "I wrote that book so that I could buy a good horse," it is only another way of putting first things first—what Faulkner wants one to be interested in are his books.

Faulkner does not seem to be reconciled to this persistent attempt to take from him what still belongs to him. After all, it's so little. The expression on his face, for instance, or the gestures of his hands. Nothing is more pathetic than the tired indifference with which he lets people stare at him so that they can go home and say, "What a head! What wonderful hair!"

AT LAST the party was over. "I would like to go," Faulkner said to someone. "I would like to say good-by to a Gallimard." They fetched him one, a fat Gallimard: "No," said Faulkner, "not that one." They went into the crowd and fetched him another, a long, thin Gallimard: "It's not that one, either," said Faulkner. "Which one do you want?" they asked him. "The one who looks a little sad," said Faulkner. "The bald one." "Ah, that one has gone to bed," they told him. "It doesn't matter," said Faulkner, going out into the Paris streets, tired, a little shaky, but free.

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A Great Orchestra And the Man Behind It

MARTIN MAYER

A FEW DAYS AGO a large Cunarder pulled into a New York pier and disgorged assorted bull fiddles, drums, tubas, and musicians: The London Philharmonia Orchestra had arrived for its first American tour. During the coming weeks residents of some twenty cities on this continent will have the opportunity to hear a unique phenomenon, a full-size symphony orchestra that shows a profit. This affluence is recent; and, the world being what it is, is also apt to be temporary. For the past eighteen months, however, the just rewards of musicianship have brought beams of contentment to the eye of Walter Legge, a record-company vice-president who operates and in effect owns the ten-year-old orchestra. Legge has made sure that no possible disaster on the American tour can mar the financial picture: Before agreeing to bring over his orchestra he made Columbia Artists put up an extraordinary, enormous guarantee.

A PROFITABLE orchestra could exist only in London; nowhere else is there so vast a demand for symphonic music. Since the spring of 1954, when Arturo Toscanini and David Sarnoff retired simultaneously from the NBC Symphony, New York has had one permanent full-crew concert-giving orchestra, the venerable Philharmonic-Symphony Society. London has five—the Royal Philharmonic Society, the London Philharmonic Symphony, the BBC Symphony, the London Symphony, plus the Philharmonia. Among them they give some seven hundred public concerts a year (the London Philharmonic alone gives 250), five to six hundred within the rather elastic confines of Greater London.

Home base for all of them is the Royal Festival Hall, put up in 1951 as the one permanent structure of the Festival of Britain. It is a spectacular piece of architecture. The entrance floor is pure space, with a restaurant by the Thames, and the concert room itself is the second story, hung from the roof and supported on recessed pillars. A huge room, seating nearly three thousand people, it has a single balcony slashing across it in a straight line and some fourteen boxes individually cantilevered out at an angle from the side walls. (English critics have said that they look like bureau drawers pulled out in a hurried burglary.)

A great deal of thought was given to acoustics, since the hall had to be shielded against train noises from nearby Waterloo Station, and the architects' ears were still ringing from the Albert Hall, a nineteenth-century oval that gives two concerts for the price of one because it has a clear, constantly audible echo.

Festival Hall is modern in a comfortable, middle-class way, and has probably helped to save concertgoing from the maiden-aunt stigma. But in London the thirst for symphonies transcends all fashion anyway. Albert Hall is still busy, though it manages only a hundred or so orchestral concerts a year against the Festival Hall's two hundred and more. Out through the dreary suburbs, the huge Bronxes of Greater London, subscribers march regularly to Town Hall auditoriums to hear the London orchestras perform. These are good halls, too, built in the 1920's and 1930's, somewhat bare and perpendicular but perfectly comfortable for as many as two thousand listeners at a time. The orchestras fill them.

All five of the London orchestras are quality goods, though the quality varies. The London Symphony, which lives off highly conservative programming and a small government subsidy, is about on a level with what you will find in many fair-sized American cities. The BBC Orchestra, a branch of the government radio, is next up the ladder. The London Philharmonic, which has a great history and nearly $35,000 a year in government aid, is a credit to the city. It would be more highly regarded if it did not have to stand comparison with the Royal Philharmonic and the Philharmonia.

For these two are magnificent orchestras, forceful but impeccably smooth, capable of perfect execution of very difficult scores. It is hard to choose between them. (A prominent soloist who has played with both recently plumped hard for the Royal Philharmonic, partly because of its conductor, Sir Thomas Beecham, partly because "The Philharmonia knows too damn well just how good it is.") In general, however, British musicians will say that the Philharmonia is the better—and add that it is the finest orchestra in the world.

Obviously the Boss

Most orchestras are run on the committee system: A board of directors, usually self-perpetuating, chooses a manager and a conductor, and likes to be consulted about the programming. Legge continues a great impresario tradition that struck earliest and hardest in England. "My name is Salomon," said the stranger in Haydn's house. "I have come from London to fetch you."

Legge is an impresario in the grand style; his tentacles run all over Europe. As artists-and-repertory chief for English Columbia Records, he has charge of the care and feeding of numerous soloists and chamber

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groups as well as his own Philharmonia. (He has taken exclusive charge of the care and feeding of one of his most important soloists, the soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, by marrying her.) He is an imposing man—rather stout but very erect, bearing himself confidently. He habitually wears a double-breasted suit, horn-rimmed glasses, and an inscrutable smile. Outside whatever door he is inside stands a gray Rolls-Royce with chauffeur in matching uniform.

He can nurse, persuade, confound, or terrorize almost any musical artist, and he can be infinitely solicitous with his top properties. When Maria Callas made her American debut with the Chicago Opera, Legge flew the ocean to be with her before and after her performance. But the Philharmonia is his particular joy, his hobby, his home away from the office. When the orchestra was starting, he and his wife made up its deficits, and today they could pocket the profits. Though the Philharmonia is set up with *pro forma* stockholders, Legge is very obviously the boss.

Legge started in the record business as an assistant to an assistant in 1926. One of his first jobs was editing the *Voice,* the HMV firm's trade magazine. To interest dealers in records (at that time still overshadowed by radio and even sheet music and pianos), he solicited the critics to write for him. Among his many musical passions were the lieder of Hugo Wolf, and he talked about Wolf with Ernest Newman, music critic for the *Sunday Times.* Newman would not write for Legge's magazine, but he guaranteed Legge a column in the *Times* about Wolf if Legge could promise that HMV would issue an album of Wolf songs. Legge made the promise on his own hook, and Newman wrote the column.

"This was in September, 1930," Legge reminisced recently, "and the reaction to Newman's column overwhelmed everybody. A few days after it was published, I received a cable from Japan, this thick, containing three hundred and fifty subscriptions to my Hugo Wolf Society." Other societies followed: Beethoven Sonata for the Schnabel recordings, Haydn Quartet for the Pro Arte, Mozart Opera for the Glyndebourne. The recordings that came out of these three societies are among the few unquestionably permanent contributions from that epoch of the phonograph.

As a representative of Electrical and Musical Industries, Ltd.—which owns His Master's Voice (RCA Victor), English Columbia (Angel), and Parlophone (U.S. Decca), and Capitol Records, plus numerous

manufacturing subsidiaries—Legge in 1934 met and became friendly with Sir Thomas Beecham, then conductor of the London Philharmonic. They worked together on the problems of getting something approaching orchestral sound onto records, and Legge became Beecham's assistant when Sir Thomas resumed the artistic direction of the Covent Garden Opera. The two men decided that Britain needed some kind of "nursery" to care for developing orchestral musicians, and Legge went around the country to scout the provincial orchestras. By the time the war broke out he knew practically every instrumentalist of talent (and every teacher) in the British Isles.

"We had to work with depleted orchestras in wartime," Legge has said, "and I didn't have much to work with. But I wanted to keep my hand in, and I organized the Philharmonia Quartet, with Henry Holst and David Wise at the violins, Frederick Riddle as violist, and Anthony Pini as cellist. We rehearsed regularly at Hammersmith, restudying all the Beethoven scores from the beginning, and we made some records. Meanwhile, the Royal Air Force had gathered an orchestra containing most of the best men in England. In 1945, as the war was ending, I got together the men from the Quartet, plus members of the Liverpool Philharmonic and the Air Force orchestra, and made some records in Liverpool. Sixty per cent of the men at our first sessions were in uniform. We called ourselves the Philharmonia.

"As the men were demobilized I called them aside and told them that I couldn't give them a long-term contract, and I couldn't even guarantee them any work, but that I wanted them to come to London to work for me and that I'd promise they would never be sorry. They accepted my offer, and in October, 1945, we gave our first public concert, in the Albert Hall, under Beecham."

Many of the men who played under Beecham in that first concert still play with him today. Having quarreled with both Legge and the London Philharmonic, Sir Thomas in 1947 went to the Royal Philharmonic Society, which had been sponsoring other people's concerts, and offered to make them an orchestra of their own. Their acceptance sent him out in full war paint to raid his former tribes; but within half a dozen years the feud died down into mere competition.

"In 1949," Legge recalls with some glee, "I received, out of the blue, a letter from the Maharajah of Mysore, asking me to record the three piano concertos of Nicolai Medtner, a White Russian who had fled to India, and offering to underwrite the cost. I liked the concertos and we made the records, which he liked, and he invited me to visit him in India, which I did. From the visit arose an agreement whereby he offered to guarantee our losses, up to ten thousand pounds, for five annual concerts of unusual music.

"His choice of music turned out to be so unusual that in the first year we lost the whole ten thousand. The next year was a difficult time in India, and Mysore could promise only five thousand. We lost that and an additional five thousand, which Elisabeth and I paid out of our own pockets. There was one more year with five thousand pounds from the Maharajah, and again we lost five thousand on top of that. At this point Mysore lost interest in music. But, from my point of view, I'd had the opportunity to give my orchestra four rehearsals for each concert . . ."

In 1952 the Philharmonia made its first European tour, and played for Radio Italiana in the new Turin

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auditorium. Arturo Toscanini heard the concert from his home on Lago Maggiore, and at its conclusion he got on the telephone to Legge in Turin. He told Legge he would go to London, for the first time in fifteen years, to conduct Beethoven with the Philharmonia. It was this accolade from the Old Man, who is worshiped in England even more than he is here, which convinced British musicians that the Philharmonia was their best.

To keep an orchestra together over a period of time, its members must be guaranteed something resembling an annual living wage. Unless the same program can be played to capacity houses three or four times (cutting down on the ratio of rehearsals to performances), the payroll cannot be met out of concert receipts. What keeps the world's orchestras going are private bounty (especially in the United States), government support (especially outside the United States), movie scores, recordings, and appearances in the pit for part-time opera and ballet companies.

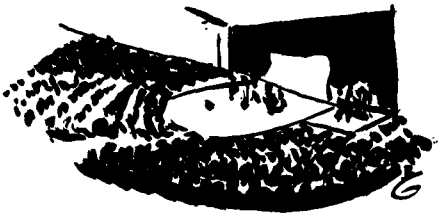
What makes the Philharmonia profitable is the heaviest recording schedule in the world. The Philadelphia Orchestra, a prime property of American Columbia Records, makes six recordings a year; the Philharmonia makes between fifty-five and sixty. Of the 400 to 450 sessions that constitute full annual employment for an orchestra, the Philharmonia devotes 160 to recordings, which appear on several different labels. Seventy-five public concerts, with their attendant rehearsals, give the Philharmonia another 250 sessions of work; and Ealing Studios, which makes the Alec Guinness comedies and other highly regarded movies, takes up the Philharmonia's remaining time for their film scores.

Like everybody else, Legge loses money on the public concerts, but he makes it up on the fees paid for records and movies. As George Marek of RCA Victor put it, discussing the financial difficulties of the now unsponsored NBC Symphony, "The Philharmonia is a pet." The Philharmonia's record output covers an enormous range: Angel Records' discs of Strauss and Lehár operettas, for example, use a Viennese conductor and a mostly Viennese cast, but they are recorded in London with the Philharmonia Orchestra. The recorded repertory includes Verdi, Wagner, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Satie, Tchaikovsky, Bartók, Berg, and Britten. Legge's position as vice-president of Electrical and Musical Industries does not, of course, harm the orchestra in its search for recording jobs. Neither does Beecham's exclusive contract with American Columbia Records, which means that his Royal Philharmonic is not available to any British company. (It does play for another American company under other conductors and a fictitious name.) But the Philharmonia would dominate the field anyway.

No Muddle to Hide In

One reason for the excellence of the orchestra is the Royal Festival Hall itself. The men who designed the hall wanted to make it "perfect," which meant, to them, that every sound a listener heard would come straight from the stage. The hall itself was to provide no reverberation, no blending of sounds by their bounce off the walls and floor. Above the stage there is an organ whose pipes run almost the width of the hall; when the organ is played the sound comes directly to you from each pipe, and you seem to *see* which pipes are playing.

From the audience's point of view the hall tends to dehydrate the music, to remove all contact between listener and artist. Hearing something in Festival Hall is like listening to a very good high-fidelity phonograph. Whatever its defects as an auditorium for public concerts, however, Festival Hall is a great device for training orchestras.



Rehearsing the Philharmonia in Mussorgsky's "Pictures from an Exhibition," Herbert von Karajan encouraged the gong player by telling him about a bump in the ground in India. "You pick up a huge battering ram," Karajan said, "and you run at the hillock. The first time you hit it, there is no sound. You run harder, but still there is no sound. The fifth time, you will make a sound that can be heard for fifty miles around." The orchestra chuckled. "It is true," Karajan said seriously. "I would like to have that sound tonight, right here." In Carnegie Hall a sound of such intensity, like the absolute fortissimo of a good orchestra, would quickly turn into meaningless thunder through reverberations off the walls. At the Royal Festival Hall Karajan drew from the Philharmonia a climax that was painfully loud but still musical. No non-English orchestra can play accurately at that level, because no non-English orchestra has any call to do so.

The Philharmonia is extraordinarily accurate at every level. It has to be. The dryness of Festival Hall makes every imperfection audible, even in parts that are usually covered up by orchestral hubbub. "For several years," Legge said recently, "I used to take a few members of our string section to hear other orchestras in the hall. In ordinary orchestral technique a violinist releases the pressure of his bow for just a fraction of a second between certain notes. In the Festival Hall the sound dies so quickly you can hear every break. My violinists would listen, and I would say, 'Do you see what happens if you don't play absolutely legato? Do you see?' They learned."

This is another source of the Philharmonia's quality: Legge's stern thoroughness as teacher and housemaster. The Philharmonia is very much Walter Legge's private orchestra. Only Legge can hire or fire, and he is constantly auditioning new talent. ("I like them wild," he says flamboyantly. "You can always tame a lion.") The orchestra is very young, with an average age under thirty-three, and Legge gave most of the players their first big job. Moreover, there is no permanent conductor; Legge hires different conductors for different programs.

"Every conductor leaves on an orchestra the imprint of his own style," Legge has said. "I do not want the Philharmonia to have any one man's style." Most of the Philharmonia's concerts and recordings have

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been directed by Karajan, Cantelli, Markevitch, Klemperer, and (until his death) Furtwängler. Legge is always amused by each conductor's comment that the orchestra has changed since his last time with it. "Of course it's changed," he says. "It's played under someone else, and learned a new style."

Among the men who led the orchestra last winter was Lovro Matacic, a Yugoslav conductor who directed the Paris Opera's revival of *Boris Gudonov* in 1939 and then disappeared. Karajan ran into him by chance last summer at Hamburg Airport, and reported the news to Legge. Legge promptly brought Matacic to London to record Richard Strauss's *Arabella* and a Bruckner symphony.

It was a collaborative venture. Matacic is a Yugoslav who speaks impeccable German and excellent French; the Philharmonians are English who speak English. As Matacic found problems in the rehearsals, he turned to Legge, who stood by with his own score and translated the conductor's desires to the orchestra, often adding some comments of his own.

Matacic, a great bear of a man with a shining bald head, made enormous gestures with his arms, frowned sadly when displeased, smiled radiantly when all went well. Below the podium Legge soberly turned pages, put his hands in his pockets, nodded, and translated. What Matacic wanted and what he got were both impressive; and with Legge helping he never had to tell the orchestra anything twice. Matacic was amazed at the orchestra's speed in absorbing his ideas about Bruckner. After the first half of the session he went beaming backstage at Kingsway Hall (a Methodist lecture room where almost all British orchestral records are made) to listen to tapes.

THE ORCHESTRA seemed pleased, too. Someone mentioned to a young violist, stretching his legs and smoking a cigarette in the break, that this conductor seemed to be an extremely able musician. The answer was pure Philharmoniac:

"Yes," said the violist casually. He thought for a moment. "Very good conductor." He thought some more. "Do you know his name?"

France: The Theater Of Jean Vilar

GUY DUMUR

IN FRANCE as elsewhere, the theater is suffering from what might be called "box-office obsession." For a play to be profitable it must appeal to a wide public, and to appeal to a wide public it must be a popular—and that too often means an inferior—play. Naturally the repertory theaters have been hit hardest, since they offer classics that draw poorly.

But in the last five years a one-theater revolution launched by the Théâtre National Populaire has made headway against the trend. It has proved that in France the classics can be sell-out successes. It has brought the theater of Racine and Corneille to audiences of factory workers as well as to those com-

posed of the stout bourgeois of the provinces. It has even managed to attract upper-class Parisians who haven't dreamed for years of going to see one of the Comédie Française's staid presentations of French classics put on with ponderously realistic stage sets and costumes reminiscent of the evening gowns of our grandmothers.

The credit for the achievement goes to a man who is still almost unknown in the United States, though he has a right to be considered the greatest contemporary stage director in France—Jean Vilar. Like his better-known contemporary, Jean-Louis Barrault, Vilar started out on his dramatic career as the pupil of Charles Dullin, the little hunchback who before the war was the finest actor of Shakespearean tragedy and Molière comedy in France. Vilar first attracted attention in 1943 during the German occupation, when he put on an extraordinary performance of Strindberg's *The Thunderstorm*. It was given in the smallest theater in Paris, the one which bears the quaint name of Théâtre de Poche (Pocket Theater) because it can only seat one hundred. But the hundred who came each night to see Vilar consisted largely of the leading literary lights in Paris, including Albert Camus and Jean-Paul Sartre, then at the outset of their fame. In fact, both of them sat in the front row at the première, and were so impressed with Vilar's performance that they wanted to give him the plays they were then working on.

Unfortunately Vilar did not have his own theater, so that when Sartre produced his *Huit Clos* (*No Exit*) and Camus his *Caligula*, they were given to other producers. The recognition of a few avant-garde intellectuals not being enough (not even in Paris) to keep the wolf from the door, Vilar was forced to lead a hand-to-mouth existence for the next couple of years. But in 1945 he managed to repeat his earlier success by putting on the French première of Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*.

Festival at Avignon

The turning point in Vilar's career came in 1947, when Avignon invited him to give a drama festival there in the medieval Palace of the Popes. Touristically speaking, this put Avignon as effectively on the map as Max Reinhardt's annual production of *Everyman* had done earlier for Salzburg, and it helped make Vilar the greatest exponent of outdoor theater in France. But it was also in a sense a turning point for the entire French contemporary theater.

The immediate postwar years were on the whole a topsy-turvy period for the Paris stage. It was a period of creeping inflation, in which producers and actors had a hard time making ends meet. Theater seats were steadily getting more expensive, with the result that students,

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intellectuals, and white-collar and factory workers could no longer afford to go to the theater—and this in a city where it has long had a special place of honor. (Relative to the number of its inhabitants, Paris has four times as many theaters as New York.) In the rest of France the theater was simply nonexistent.

It was in this situation that Vilar went down to Avignon to put on his first August festival. He took one look at the magnificent Gothic mass of the Palace of the Popes and decided that no ponderous sets were needed. The illuminated architecture of the great fourteenth-century castle would speak for itself. On top of the great well in the inner court, into which faithful Catholics were thrown by French revolutionaries in 1791, he had a stage constructed. It was on this—with the bare walls and narrow Gothic windows for a background—that he put on four French premières: Shakespeare's *Richard II;* Jules Supervielle's *Schéhérazade;* Georg Büchner's *The Death of Danton,* and Paul Claudel's *Tobias and Sarah.*

EVERYTHING was reduced to essentials, but essentials that were eloquent by simple virtue of their dramatic nudity. Background scenery was suggested by subtle changes of lighting or by the symbolic apparition of suggestive forms or designs. The costumes made no effort at realistic imitation, but were designed in bold, bright colors by Leon Geischia, an abstract artist whose aim was to have them suggest the personality of the wearer, as in certain Roman frescoes. Even the acting was deliberately restrained, gaining in intensity and at the same time emphasizing the importance of the actors' diction.

This theatrical formula, which Vilar has essentially preserved intact through many variations right up till today, was a spectacular success with the Avignon audiences. Since then Vilar has played against the splendid decor of the Papal Palace every year from July 15 to July 30, and the festival has become a special event for elegant Parisians motoring south from Paris for their vacations on the Côte d'Azur.

Even so, Vilar had to wait three more years before his talents were universally recognized. In the winter of 1950, while he was putting on a notable performance of Pirandello's *Henri IV* in a small Paris theater, a young French actor came to see him backstage with the request that he be allowed to play the part of the Cid in Corneille's masterpiece for the next Avignon Festival. It didn't take Vilar long to agree to the proposition, for the young actor was none other than Gérard Philipe.

GERARD PHILIPE probably needs little introduction to Americans, for he has starred in a number of movies that have made their way across the Atlantic, including "Fanfan the Tulip," "Devil in the Flesh," and the salacious "La Ronde." He was the most sought after and the best-paid movie actor in France at the time. But at this point money hardly interested him; his dream was now to become a member of the dramatic troupe his actor's eye could see was the most enterprising and youthful in France.

The appearance of Gérard Philipe in the Avignon Festival of 1950 was a sensation. When the posters were put up for the first performance, Vilar had arranged for Philipe's name to be listed in alphabetical order along with the rest of the cast out of respect for the acting ability of the less famous players of his company. But the city authorities of Avignon, who were responsible for financing the festival, had difficulty appreciating Vilar's sense of justice. Recognizing a good thing when they saw it, they had some special signs run off which they pasted

across the regular announcements, and which read in huge letters: GERARD PHILIPE PLAYING TONIGHT AT THE PALACE OF THE POPES.

The reception given *Le Cid* and Heinrich von Kleist's *Prince of Homburg,* which Vilar and Philipe gave that summer at Avignon, was so immense that the French government offered Vilar the direction of the Théâtre National Populaire.

Brain Child of Briand

The T.N.P. was originally founded in 1928 by Aristide Briand with the idea that it should be a state-subsidized theater offering good plays at cheap prices for the less well-to-do inhabitants of Paris. It was a noble ideal, like certain other of the eloquent statesman's proposals, but it remained little more than an ideal throughout the 1930's. When Vilar took it over in 1950 it was frankly moribund; today it is the most exciting and enterprising theater in France.

The measure of Vilar's success may be gathered from the fact that he has managed to do exactly what the proponents of the T.N.P. vaguely hoped he could do; he has brought the French classical theater to the poorest audiences, not just of Paris but of France. And he has done this on a budget one-tenth the size of the lavishly endowed Comédie Française. Both the Comédie and the T.N.P. are supported by the Ministry of Education. But whereas the Comédie gets an annual budget now amounting to around 500 million francs ($1.4 million), the T.N.P. gets only fifty million francs.

When Vilar took over the T.N.P., he acquired one impressive asset with it. This was the amphitheater of the Palais de Chaillot, seating three thousand. A theater of this size can afford to charge low prices, and in the case of the T.N.P. this is obligatory. The cheapest seats for one of its performances cost a hundred francs (about twenty-eight cents) and the most expensive four hundred francs ($1.10).

But Vilar's originality has consisted in the fact that he has not let his theater be tied down to its permanent home across the Seine from the Eiffel Tower. In the course of a year the T.N.P. may give a hundred performances at the Palais de Chaillot, but it will give at least that many or more elsewhere in France. Almost anything will do for a theater—a warehouse or a circus tent. The T.N.P. has made a specialty, in fact, of playing outdoors against some great historic monuments like the Palais de Soubise in Paris (where the National Archives are kept), the ancient fortress of St.-Malo, the Cathedral of Strasbourg, or the medieval

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abbey in Normandy where Thomas à Becket spent a number of years—an appropriate setting for Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral.*

Because the T.N.P.'s performances have become so popular with the most snobbish of Parisian theatergoers, special precautions have had to be taken to ensure that those of modest means get their chance at it. One device has been the creation of "T.N.P. weekends," which for about $4 give any worker the right to take in a concert, a cold dinner, and a play on Saturday, and on Sunday a discussion involving actors and audience, a matinee, an evening performance, and a dance.

Such events are usually enthusiastically attended by young people, and it is they who form the majority of the Association of the Friends of the T.N.P. Membership in this association—which numbers about fifteen thousand—gives one the right to a certain number of hundred-franc seats a season, and it also puts one on the invitation list to attend the T.N.P.'s "avant-premières." These are simply dress rehearsals of new plays. Sometimes Vilar puts on as many as twelve of these "avant-premières" before finally presenting the new work to the press, the critics, and the cream of Paris society. In part this is because of his exacting pains in preparing and rehearsing each new work; in part it is a way of reasserting the democratic *raison d'être* of his theater. For a première at the Palais de Chaillot now attracts about as many snobs as one presented by the Comédie Française.

Symbolic Scenery

So far Vilar has managed to put on about three new plays a year, thus steadily enlarging a repertory that now boasts twenty-odd classics and one or two ultramodern plays. But in each case his peculiar recipe has remained essentially unchanged: extraordinary severity of presentation with a minimum of scenery and a maximum concentration on the actors themselves.

This has been made possible above all by the most subtle uses of lighting—and here Vilar has been as much a pioneer for the contemporary French stage as Wieland Wagner has been in modernizing the staging of his grandfather's operas at Bayreuth. In Vilar's *Don Juan,* which won him a special theater prize in 1954, a whole forest is suggested by simple patches of light; in his *Richard II* the entire stage is in darkness with the exception of a single beam of light surrounding the king in a circle that vividly denotes his imprisonment; illuminated banners borne by attendants denote the hurly-burly of a battle with as much symbolism as in the Chinese theater.

The extraordinary and encouraging thing about these stark settings is that they have never detracted one iota from the T.N.T.'s popularity with millionaires and factory workers alike. However, Vilar's motives have not always been understood. I remember once overhearing two young people discussing his presentation of *Don Juan.* While expressing their admiration for its dramatic grandeur, they regretted that there hadn't been more scenery. "But after all," said one, "with prices like this for seats, they can't pay for proper sets."

VILAR seems over the years to have taken a secret pride in confounding his enemies, who are many, by undertaking the seemingly impossible. Having mastered the art of presenting the most difficult French classics to enthusiastic workers' audiences (attracted, it must be said, in no small part by the magic name of Gérard Philipe), he has recently tackled even more arduous enterprises. In these quixotic tilts he has not always been successful. He failed not long ago to put over *Nuclea,* a play by a young French dramatist, for which he enlisted the help of Alexander Calder and an extraordinary galaxy of supported tube framework and huge mobiles. On the other hand, this last summer at the Avignon Festival he did not hesitate to put on Paul Claudel's first play, *La Ville*—a mystic work full of long, knotty monologues that had hitherto frightened away the most courageous of French producers. It was liked by his "provincial" audience, as was another of his premières—Victor Hugo's *Marie Tudor,* which had not been played in France since the last century.

In just five years of Vilar's direc-

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tion the T.N.P. has made such an impact on the French dramatic scene that other theaters have followed its lead in offering cheap performances on certain nights. Its fame is not limited to France. It has made a number of foreign tours and played for the festivals of Venice and Edinburgh. Vilar has even been thinking of making a tour of the United States in the wake of Jean-Louis Barrault and the Comédie Française. But true to his high principles and his abhorrence of commercialization, he intends to avoid Broadway and play only before university audiences.

Putting on from three to five plays a year as well as maintaining an old repertory, touring France and Europe, and starring in a couple of festivals every summer constitutes a formidable challenge for one man. Vilar is such a hard worker at his art that his friends have often worried about his health and wondered how much longer he can keep up the pace.

Such an achievement is perhaps typical of a country like France, where everything seems to be accomplished amid confusion and disorder —even great things like the theater of Jean Vilar.

A Fine Australian Novel

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

The Tree of Man, by Patrick White. *Viking. $4.50.*

Only an artist of the highest order can tune all the strings of his harp to the universal and yet avoid the jangle of cliché. Patrick White's triumph in this exquisitely wrought chronicle of an Australian farm family is his ability to suffuse the most common experiences with an uncommon poetic sensibility. For this author, who on the basis of this book alone takes his place among the best novelists working in English today, deliberately set out to write about Life with a capital "L." The wonder is that Mr. White achieves beauty without banality.

His long narrative flows from birth to death; we set it down with the sense of having negotiated a true passage. In the nineteenth-century epic tradition—as in Manzoni or Tolstoy—Mr. White subjects his protagonists to all the basic crises: the mutual discoveries of marriage, the growth and estrangement of children, loyalty and infidelity, man and the land, fire and flood, and at the last the vegetable virtues of survival and return to the earth. "So that in the end there were the trees. The boy walking through them with his head drooping as he increased in stature. Putting out shoots of green thought. So that, in the end, there was no end." Always a book of people, it is also a book of seasons and of weather, of the warm sweet smell of cows, of familiar images quivering with unfamiliar cadences. Yet its appeal is not exotic. This tree of life may be rooted Down Under, but its leaves reach up into the air we all breathe.

Banality, however, is only one horn of the peril confronting any novelist who takes on the basic verities. The other horn is mannerism, and here the author emerges victorious but not unscathed. There is a kind of sophisticated simplicity such as one finds in the painter Mondrian reminding us that white is white and verticals are not horizontals, or as one finds in Hemingway's ritual stance at bullfights and in sleeping bags.

Mr. White's occasional mannerism is not quite so postured. But it does exist, and it is based upon the feeling that truth somehow resides more truthfully in simple things, simple deeds. "Stan Parker knew this girl. As all oblivious objects become known, and with the same nostalgia, the tin cup, for instance, standing in the unswept crumbs on

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the surface of your own table. Nothing is more desirable than this simplicity."

And so we get at times a hierarchic mannerism. "The man her husband . . . The woman his wife . . ." Mr. White can even say "the cow" in such a ritualistic way that we are awed as if we were in the presence of bovine beatitude. In some passages too many sentences begin with a *non sequitur* "So . . . ," used not as a conjunction but as a magic conclusion that has no logical reference to the preceding sentence. At times the mythic abstract air of the telling blurs the sharp contours of the Australian back country. Particular places and particular people have a tendency to fade as the author recites his litany of the great mysteries—birth, death, flood, water, sky. Is this not, one wonders, more properly the way of a Wordsworthian ode than of that species of particularity-universality which is the novel?

Commonwealth English

But all these are scratchings on a monument. The book is beautiful—beautifully organized as the seasons in four parts, beautifully textured, with a delightful Irish lilt to the prose, and images that quiver like birds on the bough. Without sentimentality but with profound compassion and unobstrusive symbolism, Mr. White reveals two lives of quiet desperation. Stan Parker takes a wife, builds farm and family, goes to war, and returns to the land. Civilization slowly invades the isolated brush, Irish immigrants bring to the harsh countryside their labor and their drink and their fantasy, lives are tempered in fire and flood. And as Stan and his wife Amy revolve in twin orbits of habit, their love abides all that threatens to destroy it: the vague yearning of the man symbolized in his rescue of a beautiful unattainable girl from a burning house—the Sleeping Beauty motif; the vague itching unfulfillment of the woman that leads her to a casual act of adultery with a "flash man," a gross traveling salesman. Stan knows but does not speak; he vomits up his grief and his belief, and growing older becomes more and more like a tree, thick-barked with inarticulateness, stirring only in his topmost branches. And ever beside him, touching and yet separate, tormented and grim and brave and despairing, is the wife.

These two portraits are magnificent in their detail and penetration, but the lesser figures are done equally well. The author's treatment of the children—their diminishing stature as they move away from the land—reminds one of Ole Rölvaag's sequels to *Giants in the Earth*. In those rural epics also, the descendants lose the grandeur of those who first settled on the land. So the son, Ray Parker, drifts away from the family and after a tawdry life of petty crime and showy respectability is eventually shot in a barroom. And the daughter Thelma marries a solicitor in Sydney and settles down to warm her thin shanks at the fires of suburbia and culture. You can tell that Mr. White, himself a sheep farmer in New South Wales, has a countryman's distrust of the city.

Considered simply as language, this novel is a delight. Patrick White is a first-class craftsman. He has gone to school to Joyce, he has listened to the speech of Australia, his imagery leaps from the page, he knows when to mass sentences in heavy phalanxes and when to chop them up in jolty rhythms. But his style is absolutely his own, and with its local flavor and odd, sometimes quirky neo-Irish cadences is fascinating to an American. Now that English is becoming the dominant world language, it will be interesting to observe the special savor now simmering in novels written by Australians, South Africans, Canadians, or the "colonial" English of India. The American language long ago declared its literary independence; already with Alan Paton and Patrick White we have outstanding examples of Commonwealth English.

Plains and No Sky

In a largely undeveloped continent, distances must have the same impact as in the United States or in Russia. Mr. White is capable of playing many changes on this one theme alone: "The omnipotence of distance . . . The distance was adamant . . . Distance flooded his soul . . ." Sentences shimmer with the suggestiveness of a Chinese poem: "So that she saw the yellow grass lying down, in that brassy light of afternoon, in which travelers appear out of a distance." At times there is a muzzy Hibernian effort to catch the ineffable with spider nets of fine words, the jingle and drift of them. But these are the reachings of an artist. Unusual words—"fubsy," "pursy"—assault us, as do functional descriptions that are less of the external scene than of the character's psychological state at that moment: "The pale sky was stretched tight," "She knew in an instant of split sky," she saw in a "blandishment of trees."

Only to Survive?

Mr. White pays one great price for his talent: The book lacks drama. This is the price that the greatest novelists of our time—Proust, Joyce, Mann—pay for their excessive sensibility. The more one seeks to suggest the clotted nature of experience—the simultaneity of good and evil, of joy and despair—the more one mutes the excitements of drama. For drama is essentially an artificial act, an unraveling of strands for the purpose of creating sharp conflict and contrast, whereas in the original fabric the threads are inextricably commingled. Though Mr. White ranges with great skill through a wide variety of scenes, there is no more dramatic tension in this novel than in the growth of a forest.

Perhaps that is one reason why this reviewer, at any rate, put down this fine book with a sense of depression. After Stan dies and the woman goes on and the son is shot and the daughter moves away and the trees grow again, one murmurs in despair: "And is Life no more than that?" For, despite the brooding beauty of Mr. White's story, one does not feel tragic exhilaration so much as the weary sinking of a river into the sea. Nor are we moved by the nobility of man so much as by his plantlike persistence in the face of storm until he falls to make a loam for future generations. Somehow the more aware we are of how great a part of us is plant and beast, the more stifled we become by our kinship with the All. Western pantheism, like Oriental fatalism, arrives at a point where our only grandeur consists not in striving but surviving.

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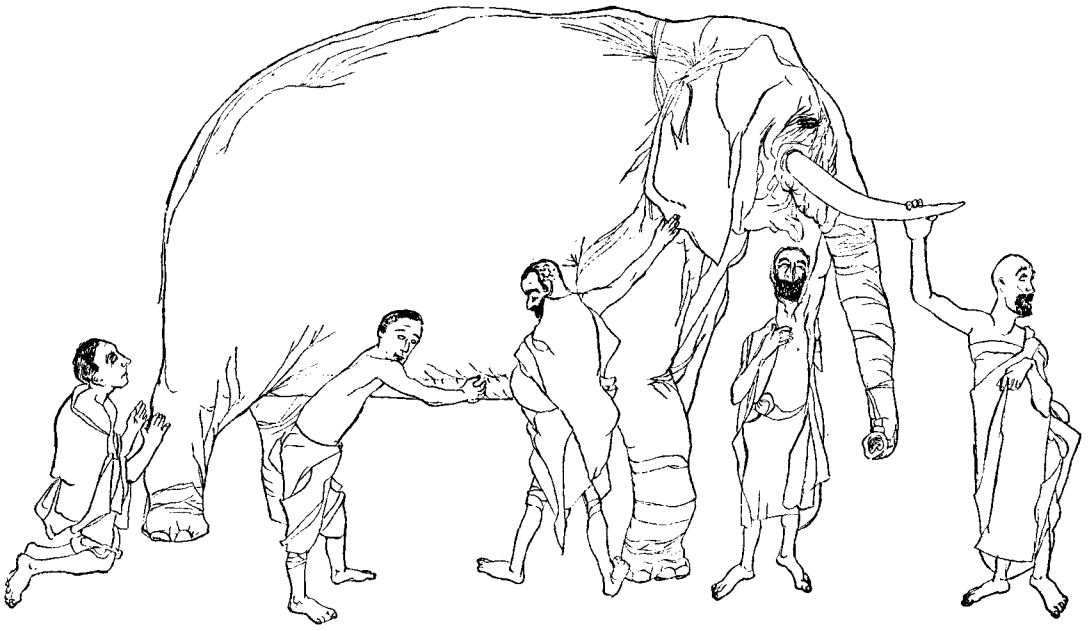

To get the whole truth you have to get the whole picture

THE BLIND MAN who touched the elephant's head said "An elephant is like a water pot." The one who felt his ears said "like a basket." Another fingered the tusks and said "An elephant is like a plow." Feeling the legs, a fourth said "like a post." And the blind man who touched the elephant's belly asserted "An elephant is like a granary."

It's the same way with the news. You touch a part and you think "This is how it is"—*but you may be wrong.* Even when you understand one or more parts of the news perfectly, you may still put the parts together incorrectly, you may still base an inexact over-all picture on them. To get the whole truth, you have to get the whole story.

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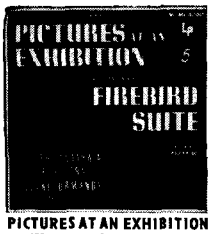

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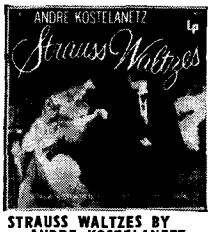

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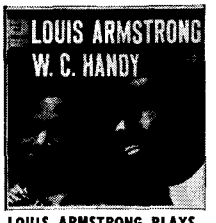

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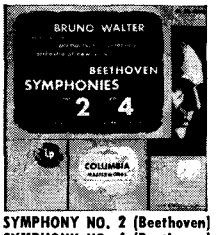

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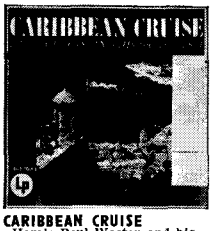

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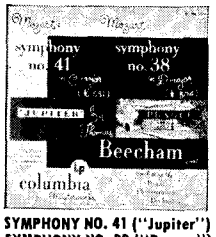

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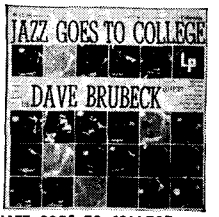

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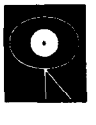

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